MAYFAIR

Vol. 25 No. 5

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Vol. 25. No. 5

SPECIAL FEATURES page

The Eagle Has Lasted Four decades of a classic comic *Clive Harris* 19
£6000 Competition: Great prizes in our *Mayfair* and Bacardi link up 24
The Valentich Mystery: Did UFO's snatch an Aussie pilot? *Andy Robertson* 48

GIRLS

Sarah Hollett: Nude debut for a Page Three favourite *Leslie Turtle* 11
Carrie: Cocktail cutie *Nikki Downey* 26
Solange: Exposed film fan *Michael Ancher* 39
Nadine Barnbrook: Our far from Fawlty Hotel-Girl-Next Door .
Diana: A naturist abroad *Michael Moore* 68
Bernadette: Computer cupid *Roy Brewington* 85
Lisa: Hairdressing gel *Donald Milne* 102

HUMOUR

Role Over Darling: House husbands cartooned *Anthony* 63
That Reminds Me: Readers' jokes 67
This Sporting Strife: Games for a Laugh *Bill Lythgoe* 76

INFORMERS

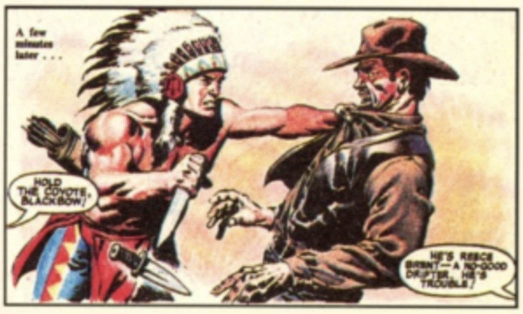
Scene from Mayfair: Info exchange 8
Motoring: Alvis presently *William Boddy* 32
Quest: The art of the seducer 91
SPECIAL OFFERS **Lingerie Collection** page 38/ **Mayfair Jigsaws** page 78/ **Binders Offer** page 98
READER SERVICES **Letters** page 6/ **Back Numbers** page 18/ **Book Society** page 62/ **Subscriptions** page 81/ **Quest Back Numbers** page 97/ **Photo Service** page 108/ **Best of Mayfair** page 114

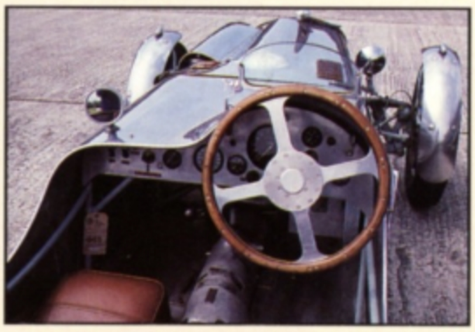
At five feet four inches, Sarah Hollett is among the tiniest of Page Three girls, but there is nothing small about her popularity. Her nude debut in *Mayfair* proves that she's head and shoulders above the rest.

11

The *Eagle* transformed the comic industry when it was launched 40 years ago. We examine its nostalgic lure

19


A few minutes later . . .
HOLD THE COYOTE, BLACKBOW!
HE'S REECE BRENT—A NO-GOOD DRIFTER. HE'S TROUBLE!



Alvis remains a byword for cars of quality and durability to enthusiasts, even though the last was made in 1965

32

CENTRE GIRL

Loving thy neighbour would be a lot easier if they were all as shapely and winsome as 19-year-old Nadine Barnbrook, who has scooped the double, being both our Girl Next Door and our Centregirl

51

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Sarah James** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC1N.

Mayfair, vol.25, no.5 (May 1990)

Cover:

MAYFAIR
Page Three's
Sarah Hollett
-the first nude
pictures
GREAT £2000 COMPETITION
WIN TWO WEEKS IN THE WEST INDIES

Cover model: Nadine Barnbrook
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Carrie-Ann Fisher as Carrie Simpson | thread
    1. post
    2. post
    3. post
- Diana Carter | thread
    1. post
    2. post
- Lisa Remzi | thread
- Melanie Smallpiece as Bernadette Barker | thread
    1. post
- Nadine Barnbrook, GotM
- Sarah Hollett | thread
    1. post
- Solange Hop as Solange Hop Lecarrio Nguyen | thread

Page Three's

Sarah Hollett

-the first nude pictures

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESLIE TURTLE

Next time you stop off for a quick pint in Leigh on Sea, near Southend, take a look around. If you spot a stunning petite blonde sat in one corner, go on over, and say: 'You're Sarah Hollett from Page Three, aren't you?' You'll probably make her day. For the bane of 34-22-34 inch Sarah's life is not being recognised. 'I'm only five foot four inches tall,' she says, 'so no-one believes I'm tall enough to be a model. Everyone thinks I'm far too tiny.'

Tiny she may be, but there is nothing diminutive about her stature in the glamour world. It's hard to believe now, but this enormously popular Page Three girl was only spotted after she came *second* in a beauty contest in Basildon, Essex. Her first appearance in *The Sun* followed soon after in September 1987. Since then she has become firmly established as a favourite among many Page Three watchers. But away from the glamour scene, 19-year-old Sarah remains remarkably down to earth. She still lives in Leigh on Sea, where she attended the FitzWimarc school until she was 16, and gained 5 'O' levels before leaving.

Kawasaki
RENT ME
TS

Mayfair models are always a warm and chatty bunch, but Sarah stands out as particularly so. Her relaxed and friendly attitude has endeared her to many people who have worked with her, and Sarah herself, has particularly fond memories of this set. 'It was all shot in Mexico,' she says, 'and it was definitely the nicest place I've been on a modelling assignment. The people are just so friendly. It was unbelievable.' Despite her success, Sarah remains philosophical about her modelling career: 'I really enjoy doing it,' she says, 'and will carry on modelling, as long as I'm still wanted.'

CARRIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIKKI DOWNEY

'Open all hours' is the motto of 22-year-old Carrie Simpson, for this 37-23-34 inch beauty works in an off-licence in Knutsford, one of the sought after suburbs of South Manchester. 'I love my work,' she says, 'it's a great way to meet people. Also I get to know about every party that's going on when people pop in to stock up on booze. Nine times out of ten, once I turn on the charm, I get invited.' Perhaps her obvious high spirits explain why she was persuaded to reveal all for us. Oddly enough, for a girl in her business, Carrie doesn't believe in keeping things bottled up. 'I think everyone should relax more,' she says.

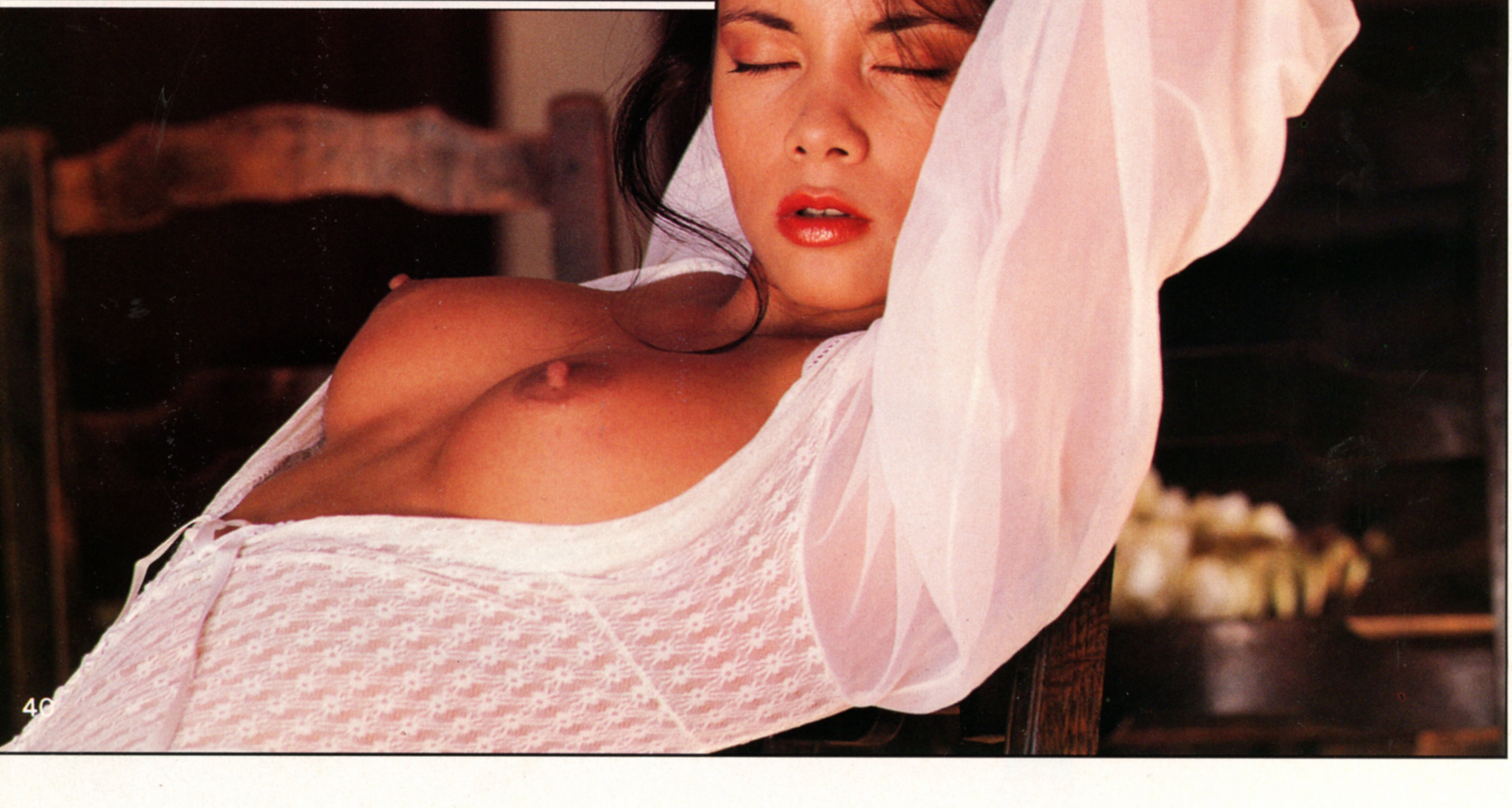
How does Carrie relax then? 'I've always found male company very relaxing,' she says. 'When you're out with women it can get very bitchy — there's an awful lot of one-up-womanship if you like.' But doesn't the bubbly beauty find that the men in her life are only after one thing? 'What makes you think I'm not as well?' she says, fixing you with her greeny-blue eyes, in a way that says she isn't entirely joking. With some women such forward behaviour can be a little off-putting, but with Carrie it seems entirely natural and good-humoured. 'I get tired of the myth that women don't enjoy sex as much as men, I know that I certainly do. It's one of my favourite pastimes.' she says without the merest hint of self-consciousness whatsoever.

'In my life,' she says, 'I have a number of rules I swear by. Firstly, always speak your mind. Secondly, be prepared to admit you're wrong. And, thirdly, and most important of all, have a good time. I think I do quite well in living up to them.' Back home in Knutsford, Carrie is well known among her friends for her outrageous life style: 'Where other girls hesitate, I just jump in, she says, 'how else can you ensure that a guy you fancy notices you?' Carrie's ambition is to open her own chain of off-licences. 'I think I'd call them "Carrie-outs,"' she says with a laugh. 'First of all I've got to become a manager for the chain I'm working for now. Then I can start selling my sexy cocktails — the Frisky and Dry, the B-Randy, and my own favourite, Mon Sherry Amour!'

SOLANGE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

The big city can be a frightening place for a new girl in town, but, like everything else, 22-year-old Solange Lecarrio has taken it all in her stride. She has been living in London for only six weeks now, but already she is completely at home. 'Well,' she says, 'my upbringing should prepare me for anything. I was bought up in Yorkshire, as an only child, but we have strong family connections in France, on my father's side and, on my mother's side, in Vietnam. It was fairly odd growing up with these two strong family traditions. I've decided that I'm basically a city girl. I love the bustle and the rush, and above all the many choices that London offers.'



The arrival of 32-22-34 inch Solange has delighted her three male housemates. 'It's amazing how sweet they've all been,' she says. Within a week of her arrival all three had tried to make her feel at home — one offered her breakfast in bed, another offered to scrub her back, and the third volunteered to wash her underwear. 'They really are such gentlemen,' she sighs contentedly, 'and to think mum warned me about London men.'

Solange's interests include collecting old films on video, but, unfortunately, she's only been able to bring a small selection of her vast library down to London with her. 'If I'd bought them all,' she says, 'I would have needed a truck to carry them in, and an awful lot of shelves to store them on.' Sadly Solange's bedroom in Tooting, South London, does not run to such luxuries. 'I've just about got space to fit a word processor,' she says, 'which I'm going to buy as soon as I can afford one. I think, if I can't have all my films down here, I can at least have a crack at writing my own script.'

[redacted]

NADINE

Our latest girl-next-doov

Bubbly 19-year-old Nadine Barnbrook caught our attention the minute she breezed into the office one afternoon with a set of pictures asking if she could appear in *Mayfair*. With her confident down-to-earth charm and pretty smile, it soon became obvious that Nadine was a natural for an appearance in a girl-next-door feature. 'I arrived thinking they'll look at my pictures, and that will be it,' says Nadine.

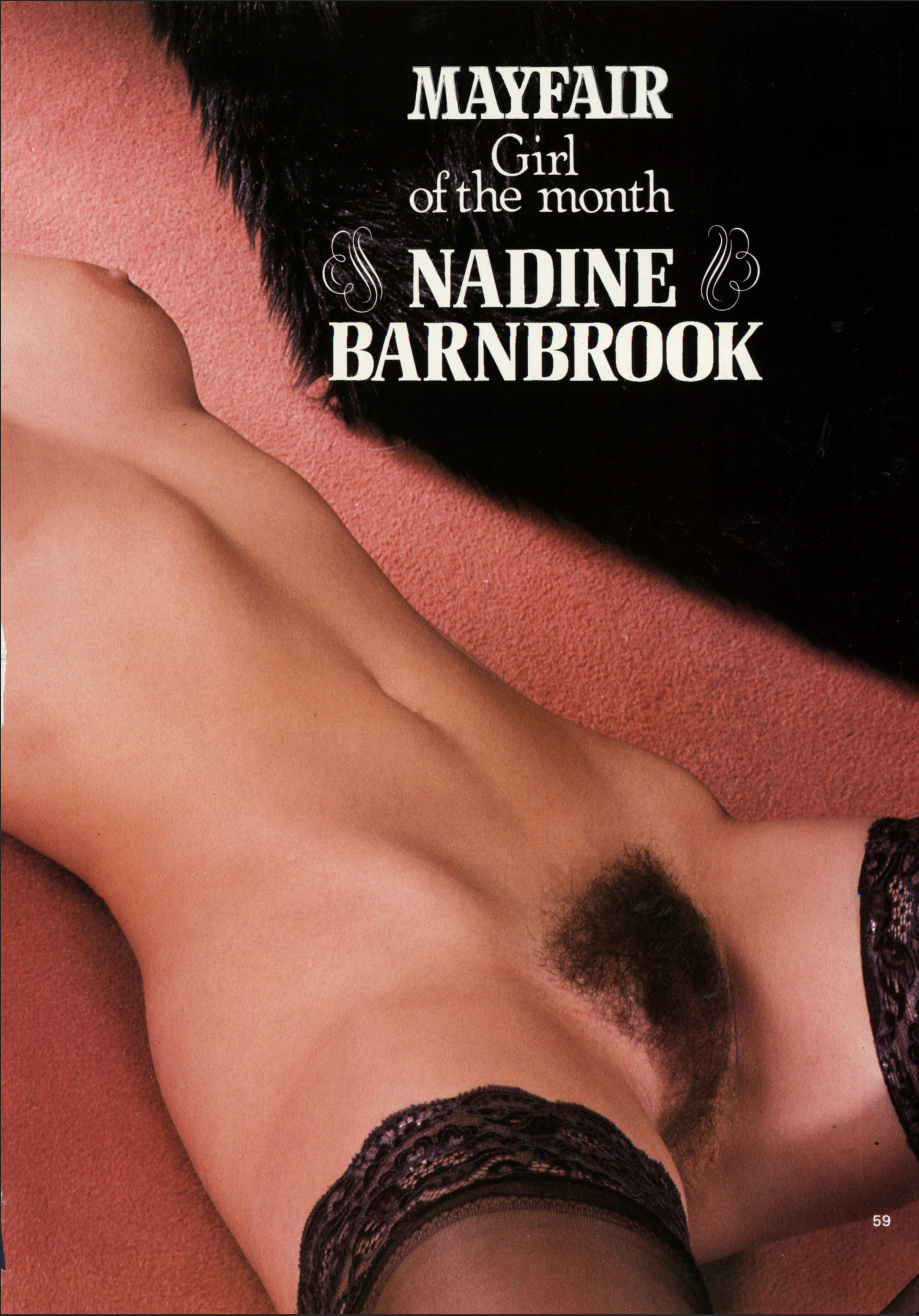
'When you explained you would be interested in doing a set, I felt so excited I wanted to rush back to Humberside, and tell all my friends. I have modelled in a swimsuit before, but nothing like this. I think curiosity got the better of me, but I'm thrilled.' adds Nadine, who claims she keeps her shapely 36-24-35 inch figure in trim with plenty of hard work. 'I'm the trainee manageress of my parents' hotel in Habrough, and am in charge of the restaurant and function rooms which keeps me on my feet all day. Even so I enjoy my work, and love dishing out a bit of friendly cheek to the customers. They seem to like it,' she laughs. Nadine went to Healing Comprehensive in Grimsby, before leaving at 16 to study chiropody. 'I went on a course, but half way through I realised I hated feet, so I gave it up.'

'I had hoped for a career in showjumping. Between the ages of 13 and 16, I was a junior showjumper for England, and competed all over the UK.' In one competition, the Junior English team event which was held in Northern Ireland in 1984, she won a silver individual team medal. 'Unfortunately, a bout of illness cut short my competing days, but I'm now fully recovered as you can see. Still it doesn't stop me riding horses for pleasure in my spare time when I am not too busy seeing to my guests in the hotel. No doubt my appearance in *Mayfair* will now have the customers flocking through the doors,' she laughs.

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

NADINE BARNBROOK



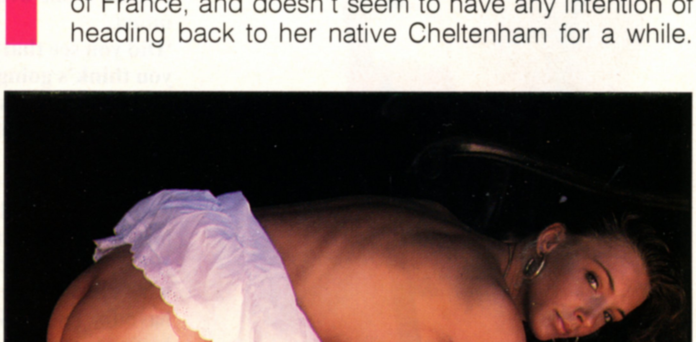
MAYFAIR
Girl
of the month

NADINE BARNBROOK

DIANA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

'Say hello to everyone back at home for me,' insists 22-year old Diana Carter, doing her best to look as if she's pining to be back in the UK. Diana is now well into the third year of her 'vacation' in Perpignan in the South of France, and doesn't seem to have any intention of heading back to her native Cheltenham for a while.



'It's the usual story,' she says, 'I came here on holiday a few years ago, fell in love with the place, and with one of the local boys, got a job in one of the bars, and I've been here ever since.' Her romance with the local boy quickly fizzled out, but her love affair with the area continues unabated. 'I don't know what I like about it the most,' she says. 'Some days it is the climate, some days the people, some days just the sheer beauty of it all.' Any other factors? 'Well,' she says a little coyly, 'I suppose there is the naturist factor. I was an occasional naturist back in the UK, but here it is much more accepted, and I can indulge myself every weekend if the mood takes me.' It was this that first led us to her, when we heard of the beautiful English girl who went naked on beaches.

'Your photographer spotted me sunning myself on the beach, and came over and complimented me on my figure. It's 36-24-34 if you want to know. The photographer did. He asked me to pose, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world. I enjoyed it,' says Diana enthusiastically. 'I don't think I've got a classically attractive face, but I've always been rather proud of my body.' Justifiably so in our opinion. 'I suppose that is what has kept me out here so long — the opportunity to tan my body,' she says thoughtfully. 'That, and all the romantic men here.'

BERNADETTE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

'I have finally found my niche in life,' says 26-year-old Bernadette Barker. 'A computer operator would you believe. I now know more about RAMS, bytes and floppies than I do about make-up and beauty which amazes my friends when I tell them all about my exciting career.

'On the outskirts of Bournemouth where I live, the whole county is bristling with new industrial parks full of hi-tec businesses. Ever since Chase Manhattan Bank moved to the area a few years ago, there has been no looking back.' Desk work however doesn't help her figure.

'My vital statistics may be 36-24-36, but I have to work jolly hard to keep it that way,' she jokes. 'Now the weather seems to be improving I think a few early morning jogs along the beach are in order.' With such a sunny disposition Bernadette says life couldn't be better.

'Now I have a job I like, I feel a lot more secure about the future. I've had plenty of them in the past, but none that really appealed to me. I must sound terribly fussy I know, but a lady does have to look after herself especially if she doesn't have a man to help her out from time to time.'

'Bournemouth is full of men, particularly during the summer months, but sitting at a VDU all day is not conducive to meeting them you know, especially the ones I go for.' Tell us more we say. 'Now now, a lady does have to keep some things secret. If I told you everything about myself, I might start to lose some of my mystery. I think it's good to leave a part of yourself to the imagination, don't you agree?'

LISA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

You could be forgiven for mistaking 37-24-35 inch Lisa Remzi for our 'Curl Next Door', for this hairdressing honey is clearly a cut above your average. Born in Sidcup, Kent, 19-year-old Lisa now lives in New Cross in South East London. For the last two and a half years she has worked in a hairdressing salon just off London's Oxford Street. Her big ambition is to soon permanently wave goodbye to all that, and take a short cut to modelling superstardom. But, be warned, Lisa wants to break out of nude work, and keep her trim figure covered in future.

Although suitably qualified to appear on our pages, buxom Lisa left Picardy school in Belvedere without taking any exams. 'My favourite subject was geography,' says the much-travelled Miss Remzi, unsurprisingly. 'When I was younger I lived for two years in Cyprus with my parents.' It's ironic that Lisa's own curvy contours have definitely put her on the map. Nowadays, Lisa can be most often found in her local gym, working at keeping her fulsome figure firm, but she does occasionally take a break, and hit the nightclub *Xenon* in Piccadilly.

Pun aficionados would vote Lisa as our girl 'Moist likely to succeed' since her first break came in a Miss Wet Tee-Shirt competition. 'There were a thousand entrants,' says Lisa, 'of those only 18 reached the finals.' From those 18, Lisa was judged the overall winner in the competition, held at the Dome Club, Birmingham, last October. Of her prizes, the £1000 fee and the modelling contract were more than welcome, but Lisa declined the opportunity to appear on live TV on the *James Whale Show*. 'I don't know which put me off the most,' she confesses, 'the rigours of live TV or the fact that James Whale's manner to his studio guests is well-known!'

LETTERS
MAIL
ER

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

More please

Before you jet off to Eire and acquire more sets of sensuous Siobhan Connolly who appeared in Vol 25 No 3, I have only two questions to ask of you.

One: I hope you will quickly and favourably respond to Miss Rebecca Chatsworth's question of letting her do more modelling. This would allow even more of your ever-growing army of readers to ogle her shapely and vulumptuous figure.

I can only assume this question will go unheeded as I'm sure *Mayfair* already has a stack of assignments for Rebecca, so hopefully we have not seen the last of Miss Chatsworth.

Two: Could you please inform Cathie Warren I am suffering from speaking and hearing difficulties. It's very strange, I've never had these difficulties before! But, then again, I've never seen the very beautiful Cathie Warren before. I have got a very big problem, and Cathie's the cure.

JC, Clydebank

'Vulumptuous'? Is that voluptuousness with lumps?

Bless you

I would like to comment on the letter from Miss AJ of Tunbridge Wells in the March issue, where she says that sexual excitement causes her to sneeze. I don't think this is a totally uncommon phenomenon, and it's not confined to the female part of the population. Being a male, I have in fact experienced the same myself several times, though not as often as Miss AJ, and I've heard of others who have, too.

Your readers might like to know a plausible explanation for the sneezing, which is probably the result of what can best be described as a 'nose erection'! In fact, the nose contains some erectile tissue of type similar to that found in the sexual organs. Of course, we all know what happens to these parts when stimulated by the nervous system (the parasympathetic division), and I think what may be happening in the nose is this:

The same type of nerves causes a swelling of the tissue in the nose, which is in turn sensed by sensory nerves as a slight irritation, and hence — bless you!

Adds a new meaning to 'blowing one's nose', doesn't it?

OH, Oslo, Norway

Indeed yes. And 'Sticking your nose in other people's business'. . .

Under the sequins

I've often wondered what some of those delightful lady dancers who appear on *Come Dancing* must look like under their glittering sequins. But few would look as good as Dominique Holt who appeared in Vol 25 No 3.

I'm sure Dominique, who was once the Yorkshire Latin Dance Champion, would look adorable in a shimmering dress, especially if she's gliding across a dance floor under the attentive glare of a spotlight.

With her figure, and seemingly likable personality, she gets this judge's top marks any day of the week.

D K, Staffs

Don't tell us. You once fell in love with your dance teacher in those far off 'quick-quick-slow' days of formal dance steps.

Love hurts

Growing up does have its painful moments especially on the romantic side. As a gangling teenager with a spotty face, I soon became used to the brush-off from girls I fancied, but who did not fancy me. I've always been too embarrassed before to recount the following 'romantic debacle,' but reading PY of Canterbury's letter in the last issue prompted me.

As a 26-year-old, I can now look back with some amusement on the bungle, but at the time I wanted the earth to open up and swallow me. It happened during a baking hot summer eight years ago when I was working in a hotel for the season in Bournemouth, after I had finished 'A' levels. I had got a job as a porter.

As I stood there everyday, sweating in my regulation starched white shirt and black tie and trousers, I cursed that I never seemed to meet any attractive girls in my job. The only guests were elderly bowling club parties. Not much chance of meeting a girl here.

Even the waitresses and chambermaids seemed to be more interested in bowls than me. Then Rosa-Maria joined the staff. She was an absolutely gorgeous Portuguese girl with olive skin, a marvellous figure, and a smile for everyone, especially me, or so I thought.

According to the housekeeper, who had apparently known her since she was a child, Rosa was 18 and extremely shy. Each morning I used to brush past her on the stairs as she hoovered away. Everytime she used to stop and give me a huge smile, and utter a few words of broken English which I pretended to understand but never did if the truth be told.

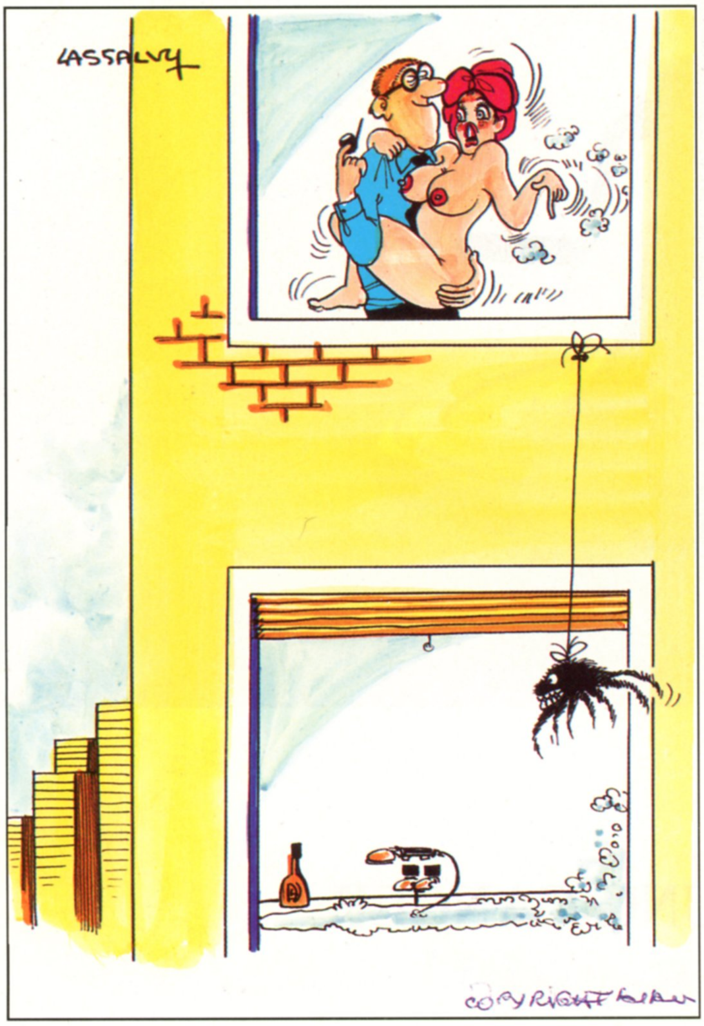
As days passed, I became more and more obsessed with Rosa, but felt too scared to approach her. Then one day it happened. Each afternoon I swept the front steps, so saw all the early staff leave. Every time Rosa left, I used to stop working, and watch her walk through the car park, longingly wishing I had the courage to ask her out.

Suddenly, my heart missed a beat. As Rosa got to the hotel gate, she turned around, and waved in my direction before blowing a kiss. I had to rub my eyes. Was it me she was blowing a kiss to? It must be there is nobody else around!

I finally decided to go for it. With that I threw down my broom, and raced towards her, and gasped, 'Rosa, I've been meaning to ask you for weeks. Can I take you out?'

To which she gave me a quizical look, and laughed embarrassingly. 'David, I wasn't blowing a kiss to you.' Turning me around, she pointed to a third floor window directly above the entrance where the staff rest room was. Standing there was the housekeeper who stepped out of view when she saw me looking at her. 'Marian is like a mother to me in England. She

turn to page 18



WE OFFER
A GREAT DEAL

Our pert and sexy Scottish lassie Pamela Maconochie has a highland fling in Vol 21 No 10. Or catch her disrobing in our special £6 five-pack bumper bundle: Vol 21 Nos 3, 4, 10, 11 and Vol 23 No 12.

Other back numbers available include:
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LETTERS

continued from page 6

looks after me, so I always blow kiss when I leave. I must go.' I stood there in stunned silence.

Word of my bungled approach soon got round the hotel, and every afternoon as I swept the hotel steps, the staff always used to blow kisses to me as they left, laughing to each other as they did so.

Looking back on it all, I can laugh about it now, but at the time I just wanted to lock myself away for the rest of the season, and never speak to anyone again.

Needless to say, I never ever had the courage to speak to Rosa again. Life, and love can be hard when you're young.

DJ, South London

High excitement

Having run my own roofing firm for over five years, and worked in the trade some ten years before that, I've encountered some odd sights from the rooftops. I've seen everything from courting couples having a quiet bonk in the bushes in a nearby park, to a women taking a bath with the top half of the bathroom window left open — convinced that, because no neighbour's window overlooked hers, she couldn't be seen. But a recent 'sighting' beat all those into a cocked hat.

We were doing a repair job on a block of four storey flats which had a flat roof at the back and a sloping roof at the front, with Velux windows set into it. We'd done the repairs, which was at one end of the flat roof, and one of my lads was checking the opposite end when he gestured to me to come over.

He was standing over one of the Velux windows. Directly beneath it was a double bed, one end pushed into the slope of the roof. A woman was spreadeagled on it, blonde, thirtyish and stark naked. She wasn't only very tasty-looking — nice, slim body, lovely long legs and large, squashy boobs — she had her eyes shut tight, and one hand fiddling away between her legs.

By the look on her face she was well away, and pretty close to popping her cork — lots of head tossing against the pillow, and heaving her thighs off the bed. It was better than a naughty video any day of the week.

Meanwhile my lad and I stood there, entranced, with me, for one, hoping a hard-on didn't show from street level!

She'd just got to the point of what looked like a thundering great climax, when a fellow appeared from the other end of the bed, crawling up the mattress, naked as the woman, and tugging away at a fair-sized hard-on. For a second we thought we were in for the bonk of the year when, for some reason, the fellow glanced up, and caught us looking.

We beat a rapid retreat with the fellow sticking his head out the Velux and yelling abuse at us. I was surprised he still had the energy.

But the five minutes before that is something I won't forget in ages.

ER, Croydon

Pleasure park

Many congratulations on Vol 25 No 4. In my view it's one of your best ever with a total of three classic turn-ons — the womanly Lena Gallagher, sophisticated blonde Emma Daley, and bouncy Caroline Barker, perhaps the pertest, cheekiest brunette you've ever featured.

Talking of perky brunettes, the letter from SM of Horsham, describing how exhibitionist his girlfriend became after being depilated, struck a familiar chord.

I've never made up my mind if most women, once they are involved in a fairly intense, and uninhibited relationship, naturally allow their exhibitionist side to blossom, or if it's me — being the mild-mannered soul that I am — who ends up attracting the slightly over-the-top exhibitionist type.

Either way, my first serious affair was in my student days (like SM) with a brunette who was outgoing and very sexy, though she could also be quite demure.

I hesitate to say she taught me everything about sex I know, but I think we gave each other an excellent introduction, and all-day stints in her bedsitter's bed (I had digs and a nosy landlady) weren't uncommon.

During the week we'd often meet for lunch — she worked close to my polytechnic — and during the height of the summer one of our favourite spots was a park alongside a local river.

There was quite a large area of grass, but, in good weather, it got reasonably crowded with sunworshippers and other couples. My girlfriend and I would sometimes take a blanket to stretch out on, and there was always a temptation to have a crafty cuddle. Being shyer than she was, I was

turn to page 108

LETTERS

continued from page 18

less inclined to be open about this, and she would often tease me if I refused to kiss her, saying I was being over-sensitive, and no one could be bothered to look at us. One lunchtime, however, as we lay beside each other on our blanket, we did start what I meant to be a quiet kiss. My girlfriend encouraged me to be a bit more passionate, and for once I went along with her; it was a warm, lazy day, I had my eyes shut, and, apart from anything else, it was extremely enjoyable!

The next thing I knew I had a massive hard-on; my girlfriend was breathing heavily and sliding her knee between my legs, moving it against my overstrained fly. My hand was on her waist, and it was the most natural thing in the world to ease it up her blouse and feel the bottom of her bra cup through the material. She squirmed towards me, pushing her boob further down, and I found my palm cupping the shape of her bra cup, and feeling the hard point of her nipple, poking through.

As I squeezed it, she moaned, and I had that surge in my loins you get just a second before coming is absolutely unstoppable, when all you want to do more than anything else in the world is screw, and nothing else matters — even a park full of people!

At that point I hesitated — only for a split second, but I would have flooded my pants otherwise!

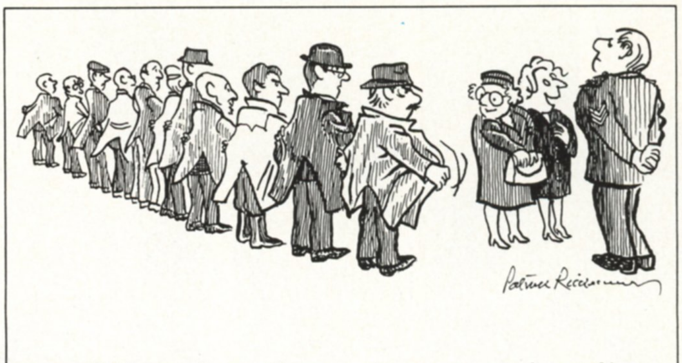
My girlfriend suddenly seemed to wake up, and pulled away. We both sat up, blinking at each other. (I did manage to pull part of the blanket over my waist)

My girlfriend's face was flushed, and she was obviously very embarrassed, and, I think, as surprised by what had nearly happened as I was.

We never actually discussed it afterwards, but I often wonder what would have happened if we'd been wearing, say, bathing costumes instead of skirt, tights, and a tight pair of jeans.

Would my girlfriend have woken up before the inevitable occurred? Perhaps we're lucky we both haven't got records for indecent exposure!

AF, Birmingham



'Still not quite sure Sergeant. Can we go round again?'

Womanly virtue

What makes a woman attractive to men? As your excellent 'girl-next-door' series proves, classic model looks are by no means essential. In any case, there is no yardstick by which you can judge looks alone in a woman.

Thankfully, women come in a variety of different fascinating designs. Five foot nothing of a 38-25-37 inch brunette can look equally as gorgeous as for example a five foot eight inch 36-23-36 inch blonde. In addition, every girl has something which makes her interesting as an individual. With one it may be something about her eyes or skin-texture. With another it may be her grace and poise — perhaps just the seductive way she crosses her legs as she sits down or the angle she holds her head when she is talking directly to you. These and many other factors combine to culminate in the most important thing about any woman — the aura of femininity she projects. Sadly, modern glamour photography does little to enhance this, and in many cases actually detracts from it.

All the tabloids give us are boring topless shots, showing the model from mid-thigh up only. Added to this, the majority of glamour magazines completely abuse feminine beauty by picturing girls in such outrageous contortions.

Mayfair, thank goodness is the one magazine which aims to accentuate the model's aura of femininity. For me, this reached its peak with the set of Rebecca Chatsworth in Vol 25 No 3.

In the six years with which I have

turn to page 114

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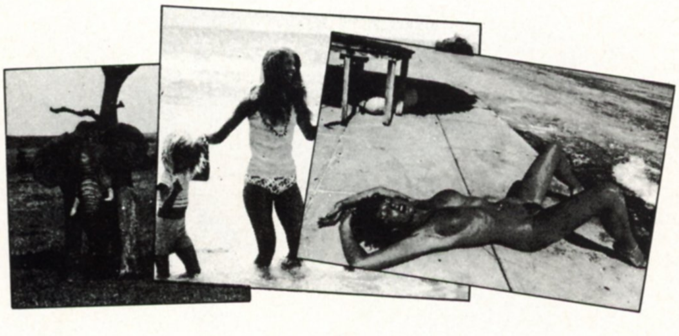


LETTERS

continued from page 108

been a regular reader, Rebecca is quite simply the most attractive girl I have ever seen in *Mayfair*. My reaction to her is best described in the words of a 77-year-old farmer friend who on seeing one girl said: 'I can hardly leave orf looking at 'er.' I know the feeling.
JWH Essex

Three of the best

I have read your excellent magazine for many years, and I find that the models you feature are the best of all the men's magazines currently available.

Here, then, is my list of all-time favourites, which I have divided into three sections:

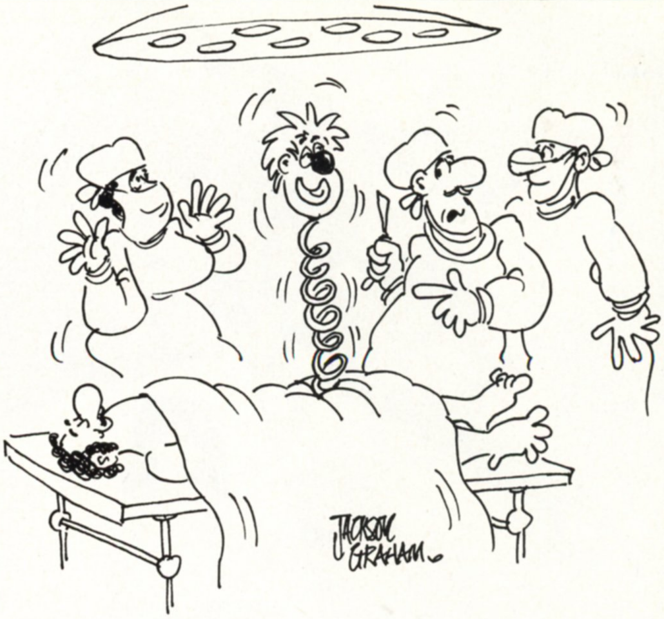
The Sexy
Maxine Dunn, Laura Anthony, Kaie McDonald and Megan Hughes (Vol 21 No 1).
The Magnificent
Michelle Gordon, Jane Large (Vol 21 No 4), Marion Cook and Netta Dealy (Vol 22 No 2).
The Sultry
Hailey Roberts, Coral Burton (Vol 21 No 11), Lydia, Lucienne Camille and Linda Windebank (Vol 21 No 12). What a line up. I'd welcome the chance to see all or any of them again.
MG, London SW17

The final cut

Over the years, women have expressed varying preferences on whether sex is better if a man is circumcised. Men have also entered the debate. While this controversy has raged on, has no one woken up to the fact that, like it or not, males in their teens or early twenties now entering the sexually active age group in this country, are 95 per cent uncircumcised. Where has the circumcised male gone, and at what age amongst the now sexually active does the dramatic change take place if at all? I say dramatic because my memory of the age group born in the late 1940's is that about 40 per cent were circumcised. I was. Something clearly has happened in between. Through memories of school and sports team showering, I tried to list every boy's name and category. This produced a figure that out of 70 males born between 1948 to 1950, 26 were circumcised and 44 uncircumcised giving a figure equal to 36 per cent. However, when I became a father in the early 70's, virtually all babies remained uncircumcised, unless there were religious or health reasons. I am conscious that young studs parading their wares in American sex movies are largely circumcised.

How about some further contributions from readers on the subject? Between us, some valuable statistics on any historical changes in social and sexual trends could emerge.
JH, Crewe

You make a serious social point, More facetiously, we bet you often peed on your own shoes if you spent that long peering at the guy in the next stall.



'God! I hate operating on circus folk!'

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SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

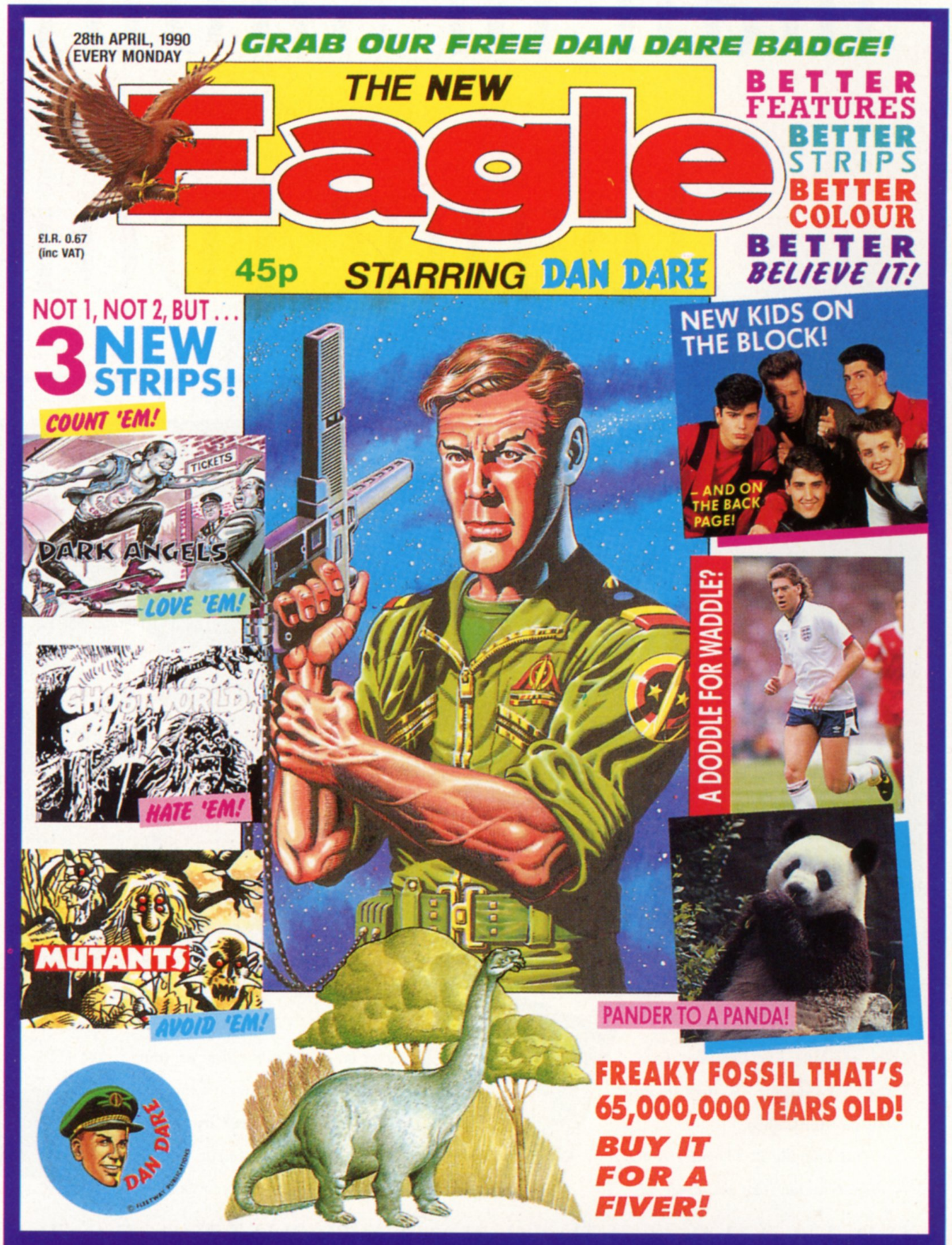
Where *Eagle's* Dare?

On page 19 we celebrate 40 years of *Eagle*, the comic that became a national institution thanks to its unique combination of factual information and adventure with characters like Dan Dare. However, if you want to know more about the past of the Pilot of the Future, you might set a course for an exhibition looking back at four decades of *Eagle*, open from May 5. Based at the Atkinson Art Gallery in Lord Street, Southport (the home of the original editor Marcus Morris and Dare's creator Frank Hampson), the exhibition includes many examples of his early artwork. It's open between 10am and 5pm Mondays to Saturdays, and 1pm to 5pm on Sundays (that's earth time). Admission is free except to Mekons. Meanwhile, what of the future for Britain's best known superhero? In recent years *Eagle* has been flying under the command of Fleetway publishing (home of *2000 AD*), and to coincide with Dan's birthday, they have re-launched the magazine complete with new logo and masthead but still with Dare on the cover (see right). With a print run of around 100,000 copies, the new comic contains a mixture of fact and fiction as in the *Eagle* of old though the new version tends more towards pop than the joys of boy scouting! Available from April 23, the modern version of the *Eagle* will cost 45p.

Another change is Dan Dare himself. After forty years of bachelorhood, the man's man marries the enigmatic Professor Peabody, his female assistant. Now wasn't she rather, well, staid in her appearance for a superhero to spend the rest of his days (and nights) with? you ask. The scriptwriters have thought of that. Soon after he proposes, the Prof attends a 'Robo-beautician' to transform her into a ravishing goddess worthy of any schoolboy fantasy! It seems that it's not just against the evil Mekon that he who's Dare, wins.

Whizzing over Oz

On the subject of unruly aliens, on page 48 we travel to Australia. No, they're not the Aussies themselves but more intergalactic interference, this time from UFOs. The Valentich affair is one of the most baffling UFO mysteries of recent years, and when we received the amazing story from Andy Robertson, frankly we felt we just had to check it out. Robertson, who previously related other unsolved phenomena, such as the South London puma, in our pages, told of the curious disappearance of Valentich complete with his Cessna plane near Melbourne in 1978. A crash? His plane has never been found, and what's more, the pilot had reported to Air Traffic Control that he was being buzzed by a UFO. Then he vanished off the face of the earth. An intriguing story but could it be true? we wondered. By chance, Darryl Fedden, General Manager of Gordon and Gotch our Australian distributors happened to be in London and mentioned that he was a Melbourne man. Had he heard of the mystery? Indeed he had, and what's more he too had seen UFOs in the area. He was driving home at night, and spotted bright lights whizzing about the sky as no airplane could. Had he been on the Fosters? No! He wound down the window to check it wasn't a reflection, and they still continued to zoom about in the dark. The next day, he found that he was not alone in the sighting. Thousands had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DAN DARE
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The new-look *Eagle* with new logo and eagle motif, but still with hero Dan Dare on the cover. The fact and fiction magazine is 40 years old, join our nostalgic celebrations on page 19.

reported the lights over Melbourne, and none of them received a full explanation from the authority.

So flying saucer or not? We leave you to decide by reading Andy Robertson's feature on page 48. As for why ,visitors from another planet should choose Melbourne, our unofficial NASA spokesman says they don't give a XXXX for anywhere else.

The South Bonk Show?

There's nothing quite like a steamy story as a book at bedtime, and the organisers of the Hay-on-Wye Festival of Literature obviously agree. They have chosen to devote one night of the Festival, held in Hay because the small town has no less than 24 bookshops (one for every 54 people), to the subject of eroticism. The Festival starts on May 24 and lasts to June 4. The discussion of erotica is appropriately on the last night, and held at the Festival Theatre. And the speakers? Fay Weldon, author of *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil,* and Melvyn Bragg. Melvyn Bragg? Apparently his book, *A Time to Dance* is sultry stuff which will make anyone breathe heavily (even if your nose isn't blocked up). He'll be reading extracts from it, and discussing naughty novels on the night. We can't wait! I wonder, if we asked nicely, he'd read some of ours! Tickets cost £4, and (even more incongrously) the bonking book night is sponsored by Kidsons Impey, Chartered Accountants. Presumably they were attracted by mention of the figures. The rude readings start at 6pm — don't come too early.

False start

In *This Sporting Strife* (page 76) Bill Lythgoe takes a humorous look ask some of sport's more outlandish cheats. But it's not just the athletes themselves who occasionally break the rules. Ron Pickering recently told this story of David Coleman's way around an age-old problem. He was recording the line-up for the 100 metres final, and found a few difficulties pronouncing an extremely long African name.

'In lane one,' announced Coleman, 'Brown of Britain. In lane two, Dupont of France. In lane three, Abubenger . . . er.'

He started again with the athletes now getting on their blocks.

'In lane one, Brown of Britain. In lane two, Dupont of France, in lane three Abubenden — Oh God!'

Over and over again he tried but the athlete's impossible name defeated him every time.

Then came his last chance. The runners were on their blocks. The starter was prepared. Coleman had to get the line-up right whatever happened — a test of real professionalism.

Sea Shanties
LIZ

'In lane one,' he said just a tinge nervously as the starter raised his gun, 'Brown of Britain. In lane two, Dupont of France. In lane three —'

He swallowed hard.

'In lane three, the speedy Ethiopian. In lane four, Roma of Italy . . .'

Not so much breaking the rules as getting on the inside of a good bend, and who can blame him?

A case of good taste

In these days most people rely on the local supermarket to fill their wine racks, but for some people who prefer a better selection or more information on the drink they are purchasing, the wine club is ideal. However until recently many were put off by the quantity these clubs expected you to buy. Rarely less than a case, twelve bottles is rather a lot to order, especially if the tipple you've nominated turns out to be not quite to your palate. But fortunately, this has changed, with Grande Marque Vintners of London SW6 offering a selection of 12 bottles complete with tasting notes at £47.00 a case. This might seem a little more expensive than supermarket prices but this does include delivery to anywhere in the UK within 14 days — so you don't have to lug the stuff home as you would from the local off-licence.

There are two bottles of six different wines included (six white and six red). Hugo of Grande Marque says the six were selected as an introductory offer for their combination of value and quality. Once you join, you'll be able to chose from a considerable range, but there are no rules as to how many cases you have to buy a year, and the company also offers a case of champagne for £169.00.

So next time the girl of your dreams turns up unexpectedly, or the boss comes to dinner, you won't have to dash out and do verbal battle with the gum-chewing ignoramus in the off-licence who knows more about the Mars Bars on the counter than the wine behind it. And, better still, you could win three bottles of champagne if you place your first order through *Mayfair*. Buy one case of wine with the order form on this page and you will be entered into a free draw, so you could celebrate your decision with a a few bottles of bubbly. We'll certainly drink to that. For information see the advertisement below or write to Grande Marque Vintners, 2 Burlington Lodge Studios, Buer Road, London SW6 4JJ (Tel: 071 731 3729. Fax: 071 731 0979).

Eating out

Brian O'Hanlon

Rooftop restaurants have been with us for 25 years, ever since the **London Hilton** and the one at the top of the Post Office Tower opened back in the sixties. Today the Post Office Tower restaurant is gone, but London still boasts the Hilton, along with the **Royal Garden Hotel's Royal Roof Restaurant** and the aptly named **Summit Restaurant** atop Lord Forte's **St George Hotel.**

A quarter of a century ago, of course, we were still able to dance in the old fashioned way without being thought naff. Nowdays, alas, the dance floor areas in all three rooftop restaurants are generally deserted, save for the occasional posturings of the disco addicts, shaking in what seems to be the terminal stage of delirium tremens.

Martio Martinelli, who manages the *Royal Roof Restaurant* at the *Royal Garden Kensington High Street W8 (071 937 8000)* is an old friend. Best, perhaps, to go at dusk, and watch London's sun setting over Kensington Gardens, until the orange phosphorus street lighting takes over, rather as if someone is at some galatic dimmer board.

I was invited to meet executive chef David Nicholls, and to look at his £32 *table d'hote* in top hotels for reasons other than the obvious. They contain specially concocted dishes, or at least, classic dishes with the chef's own interpretation, rather than the 'brand names' naturally inherent in the *à la carte* card.

Mr Nicholls' *menu du chef* was five coursed. It began with *assiette surprise*, which is another way of saying a hote or cold *hors d'oeuvre*

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Grande Marque Vintners has selected for readers of Mayfair two parcels of fine wines suitable for a lively evening. Every person ordering a parcel of wine prior to 1st June will qualify for entry into the Mayfair Free Prize Draw. The winner will receive a complimentary hamper of different champagnes announced in the July edition. Door to door delivery completes the service.

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HOW TO ORDER

Call the wine hotline on 071-731 3729 and ask for Hugo. Your wine will be dispatched the following day with arrival at your home address in approximately 7 days.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

of the kitchen's fancy, then light chicken mousse with asparagus tips and morrel mushrooms, a *casserole de fruits de mer a la fondue* with sesaonal vegetables, after which a green lemon sorbet prepared the palate for the main choice, which was between veal fillet in calvados sauce, or crown of lamb served with wild mushrooms, and flavoured with basil, before mango ice cream with a kirsch sabayon. It was all perfect, but then I would have been surprised had it been otherwise. Mr Nicholls is French-trained, and came up through the *Dorchester* to gaining a Michelin star for *Walton's* in Chelsea.

There are some 57 clarets on the list. I chose a *Grand Cru Chateau Brion* at £23. These rooftop restaurants are not cheap, and neither are they intended to be, but they give value for your money.

Café de Paris
BILL

'Have you seen the size of this bill?'

Angelo Sorelli, supremo of the London Hilton's *Roof Restaurant, Park Lane, W1 (071 493 8000)* met me as the shades of night were again falling fast. There are two bands, both fronted by singers, *Going Dutch* and *Hush*, who play from 8.30 pm to 2.30 the following morning. Restaurants in competition track one another very closely and so it was no surprise to learn that another *table d'hote*, multi-coursed, menu was available here too, at £32, plus £6 cover charge. This time I dined *à la carte*. People were actually dancing to Glen Miller. The mood was definitely indigo. An American colonel and his lady smooched to *String of Pearls* as I began eating scallops and crayfish in a cream sauce with aniseed, followed with loin of lamb, stuffed with spinach, and served with candied garlic and a pinot noir sauce, costing £15.75. The music swirled around my modest bottle of £25 claret. We got up and danced. 'If you ask them to play *American Patrol*, I shall have a fit!' said Madam, who had previous memories of my dancing ability at rugby club functions. We had one of those special type of puds a good hotel's kitchen seems to dream up on the night, with millions of calories and cream and chocolate, and to hell with it!

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

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471 AIDS and safer sex

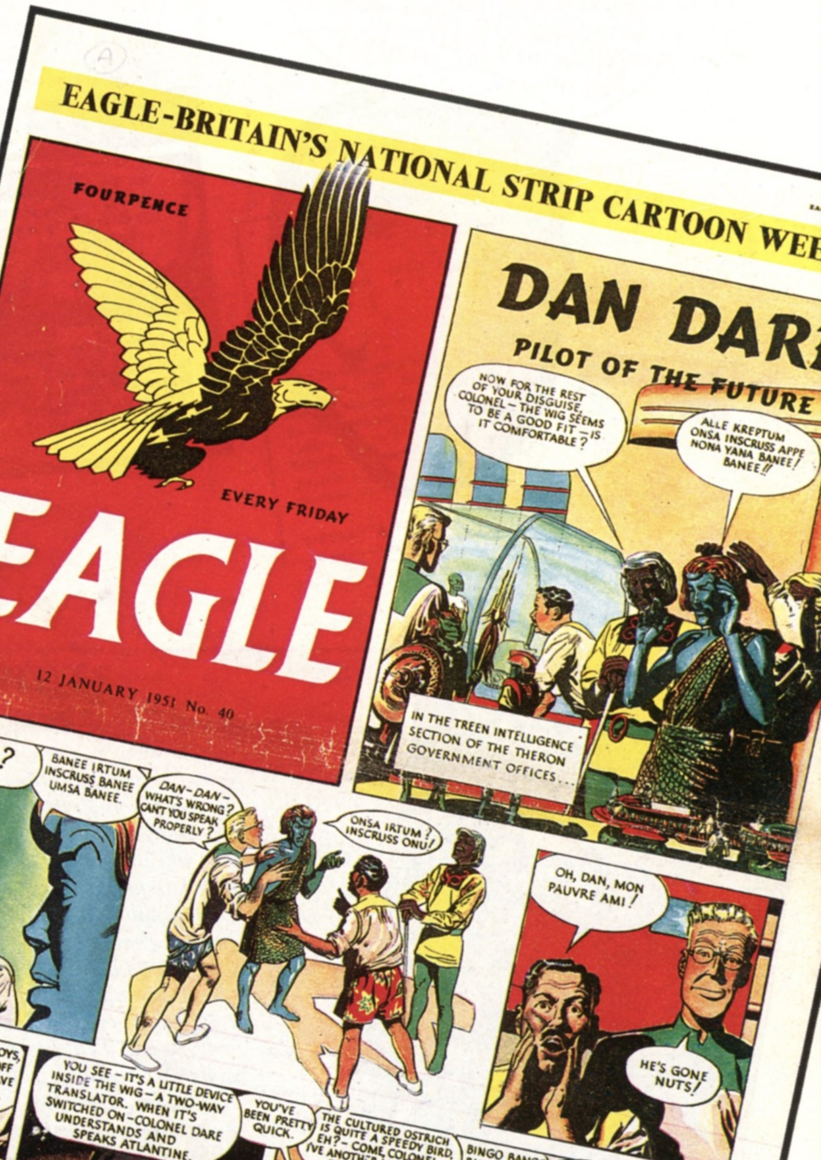
The EAGLE has lasted...

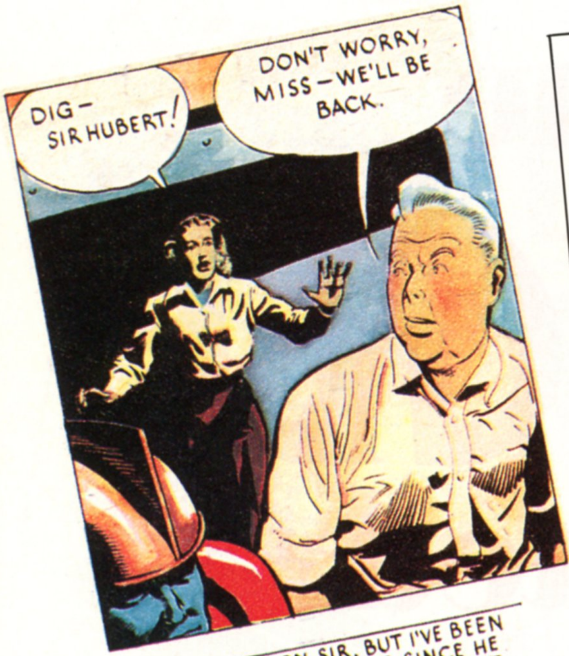
Exactly 40 years ago the *Eagle* was launched. Since then the comic's history has had twists and turns to rival the adventures of Dan Dare, its space super-hero. Its lavish colour, technical cutaway drawings, PC49, and Harris Tweed makes for powerful nostalgia

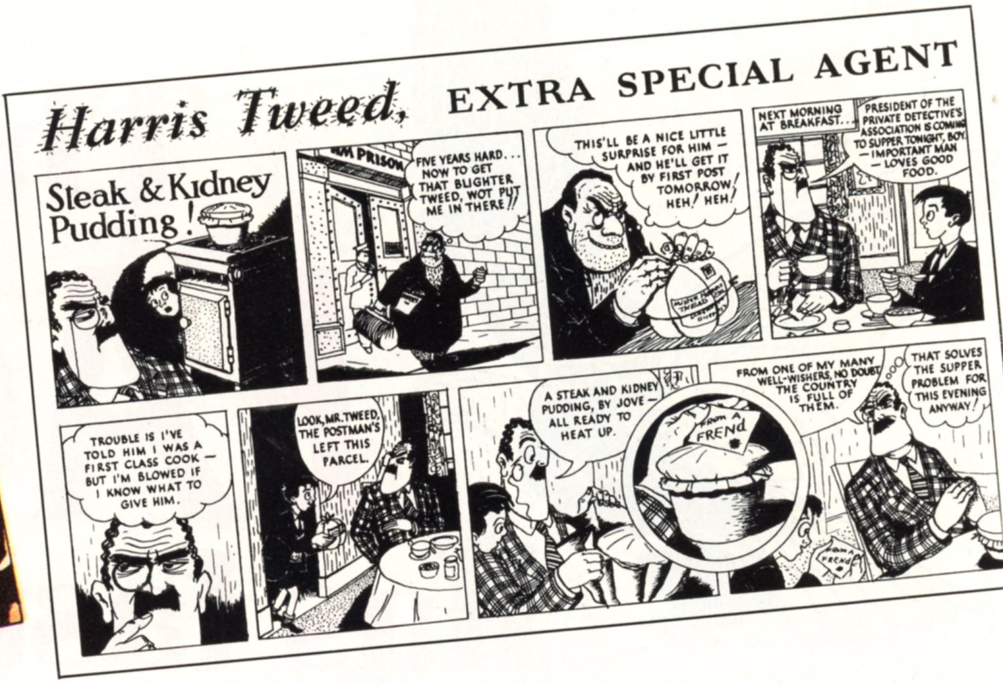
by Clive Harris

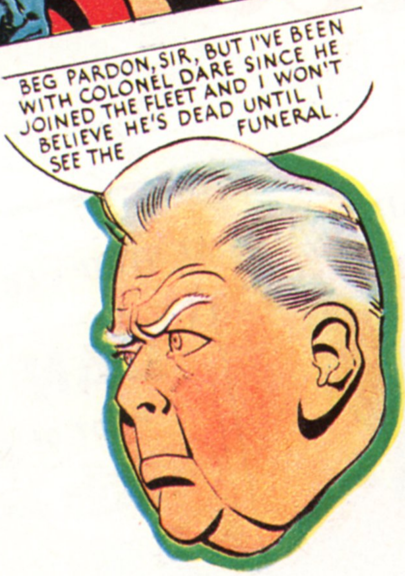
Do you remember Dan Dare? Did you follow 'Luck of the Legion' or 'Riders of the Range'? Or were you inspired into a career in engineering by intricate cut-away drawings? If the answer to any of these questions is yes then as a youngster you almost certainly read *the Eagle*. More than just a comic, when the *Eagle* was launched forty years ago, it was Britain's first large format, colour children's magazine containing science fiction and western adventures, factual information, even bible stories. Today, it carries on, albeit in very different form, with a relaunch due this month to coincide with the anniversary and Dan Dare's birthday. Despite several different owners, the *Eagle* seems as indomitable as some of its superheroes.

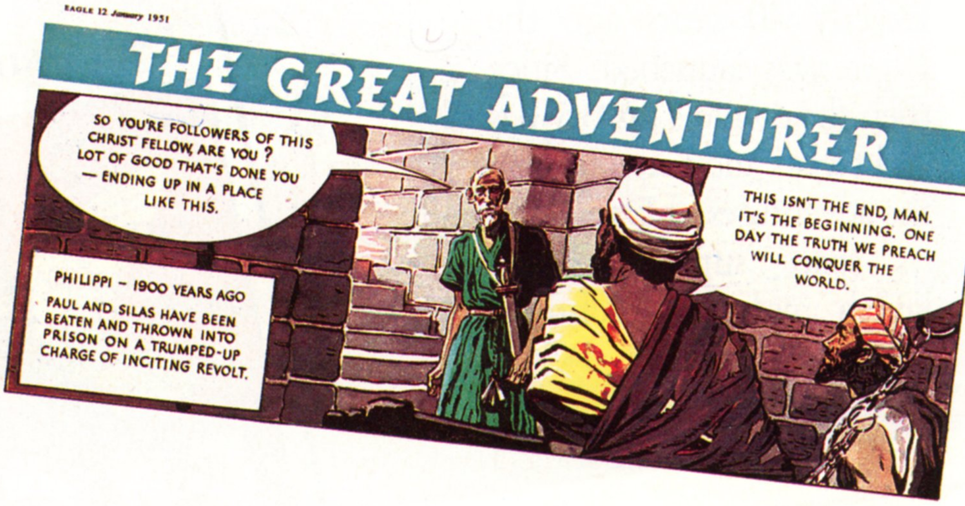
The first issue of the *Eagle* appeared on April 14, 1950, though to confuse their rivals many of the first editions were dated April 21. Strange as it may sound, the only comic quite like it was the *Mickey Mouse Weekly* from America. Only that rivalled the new comic's page size and quantity of colour (eight out of sixteen pages). If its rival seems unusual, then its two main protagonists must seem truly bizarre. The editor was Marcus Morris, a vicar in Birkdale, near Southport, and his principal artist, Frank Hampson, a student

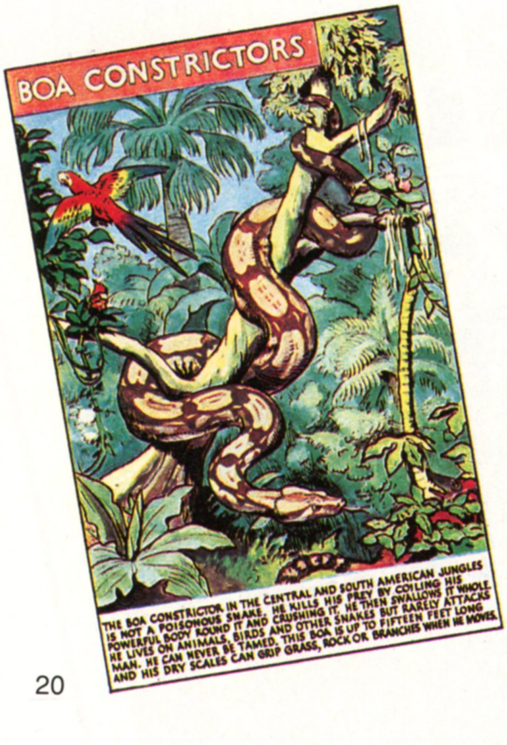

A
EAGLE-BRITAIN'S NATIONAL STRIP CARTOON WEE
FOURPENCE
EVERY FRIDAY
EAGLE
12 JANUARY 1951 No. 40
DAN DAR
PILOT OF THE FUTURE
NOW FOR THE REST OF YOUR DISGUISE, COLONEL – THE WIG SEEMS TO BE A GOOD FIT – IS IT COMFORTABLE?
ALLE KREPTUM ONSA INSCRUSS APPE NONA YANA BANEE! BANEE!!
IN THE TREEN INTELLIGENCE SECTION OF THE THERON GOVERNMENT OFFICES...
WHAT?
BANEE IRTUM INSCRUSS BANEE UMSA BANEE.
DAN – DAN – WHAT'S WRONG? CAN'T YOU SPEAK PROPERLY?
ONSA IRTUM? INSCRUSS ONU!
OH, DAN, MON PAUVRE AMI!
HE'S GONE NUTS!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, WE'LL TAKE IT OFF BEFORE YOU HAVE THE JITTERS.
YOU SEE – IT'S A LITTLE DEVICE INSIDE THE WIG – A TWO-WAY TRANSLATOR. WHEN IT'S SWITCHED ON – COLONEL DARE UNDERSTANDS AND SPEAKS ATLANTINE.
YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY QUICK.
THE CULTURED OSTRICH IS QUITE A SPEEDY BIRD, EH? – COME, COLONEL, I'VE ANOTHER LITTLE GADGET FOR YOU.
BINGO BANGO BANKEE LANKEE YANKEE PALOOKA.
IF THAT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS, LAFAYETTE I'LL...
BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!


DIG – SIR HUBERT!
DON'T WORRY, MISS – WE'LL BE BACK.

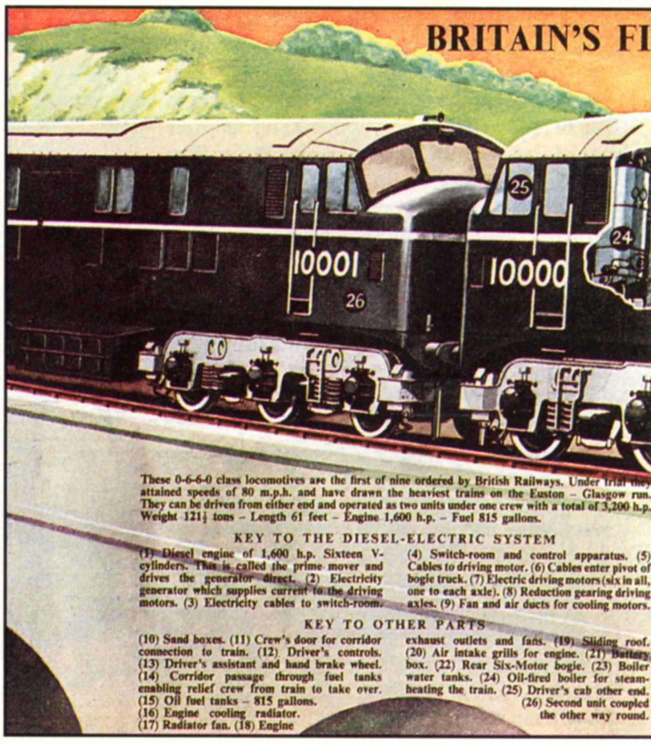

Harris Tweed, EXTRA SPECIAL AGENT
Steak & Kidney Pudding!
HM PRISON
FIVE YEARS HARD... NOW TO GET THAT BLIGHTER TWEED, WOT PUT ME IN THERE!!
THIS'LL BE A NICE LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM – AND HE'LL GET IT BY FIRST POST TOMORROW! HEH! HEH!
NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST...
PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S ASSOCIATION IS COMING TO SUPPER TONIGHT, BOY. – IMPORTANT MAN – LOVES GOOD FOOD.
TROUBLE IS I'VE TOLD HIM I WAS A FIRST CLASS COOK – BUT I'M BLOWED IF I KNOW WHAT TO GIVE HIM.
LOOK, MR. TWEED, THE POSTMAN'S LEFT THIS PARCEL.
A STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING, BY JOVE – ALL READY TO HEAT UP.
FROM A FREND
FROM ONE OF MY MANY WELL-WISHERS, NO DOUBT. THE COUNTRY IS FULL OF THEM.
THAT SOLVES THE SUPPER PROBLEM FOR THIS EVENING ANYWAY!


BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'VE BEEN WITH COLONEL DARE SINCE HE JOINED THE FLEET AND I WON'T BELIEVE HE'S DEAD UNTIL I SEE THE FUNERAL.


EAGLE 12 January 1951
THE GREAT ADVENTURER
SO YOU'RE FOLLOWERS OF THIS CHRIST FELLOW, ARE YOU? LOT OF GOOD THAT'S DONE YOU – ENDING UP IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.
PHILIPPI – 1900 YEARS AGO
PAUL AND SILAS HAVE BEEN BEATEN AND THROWN INTO PRISON ON A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE OF INCITING REVOLT.
THIS ISN'T THE END, MAN. IT'S THE BEGINNING. ONE DAY THE TRUTH WE PREACH WILL CONQUER THE WORLD.


BOA CONSTRICTORS
THE BOA CONSTRICTOR IN THE CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES IS NOT A POISONOUS SNAKE. HE KILLS HIS PREY BY COILING HIS POWERFUL BODY ROUND IT AND CRUSHING IT. HE THEN SWALLOWS IT WHOLE. HE LIVES ON ANIMALS, BIRDS AND OTHER SNAKES BUT RARELY ATTACKS MAN. HE CAN NEVER BE TAMED. THIS BOA IS UP TO FIFTEEN FEET LONG AND HIS DRY SCALES CAN GRIP GRASS, ROCK OR BRANCHES WHEN HE MOVES.

Previous page: The cover of an Eagle *from its first year on sale. This page top left and face below: Dan Dare's ever faithful sidekick, Digby. Above, top: 1951 cartoon character Harris Tweed, and bottom, The Great Adventurer, a religious story on the early back covers. Left: Factual material, a wildlife feature on snakes. Right: The 'cut-away' drawing also from 1951 which became almost as much a hallmark of the* Eagle *as Dan Dare. Top right: A cover from 1953. Far right: An early ad showing Webley air pistols.*


BRITAIN'S FI
10001
10000
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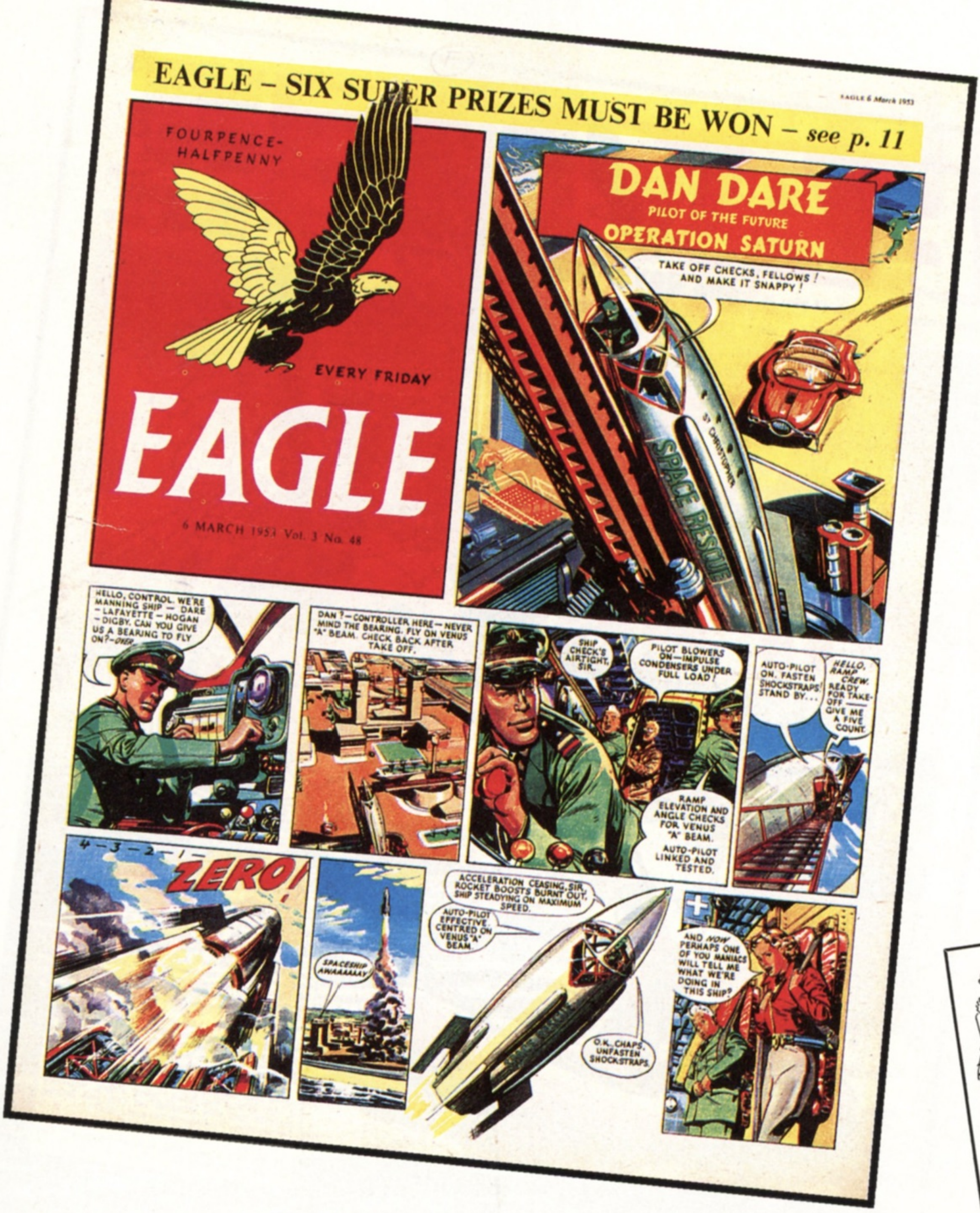
These 0-6-6-0 class locomotives are the first of nine ordered by British Railways. Under trial they attained speeds of 80 m.p.h. and have drawn the heaviest trains on the Euston – Glasgow run. They can be driven from either end and operated as two units under one crew with a total of 3,200 h.p. Weight 121½ tons – Length 61 feet – Engine 1,600 h.p. – Fuel 815 gallons.

KEY TO THE DIESEL-ELECTRIC SYSTEM

(1) Diesel engine of 1,600 h.p. Sixteen V-cylinders. This is called the prime mover and drives the generator direct. (2) Electricity generator which supplies current to the driving motors. (3) Electricity cables to switch-room. (4) Switch-room and control apparatus. (5) Cables to driving motor. (6) Cables enter pivot of bogie truck. (7) Electric driving motors (six in all, one to each axle). (8) Reduction gearing driving axles. (9) Fan and air ducts for cooling motors.

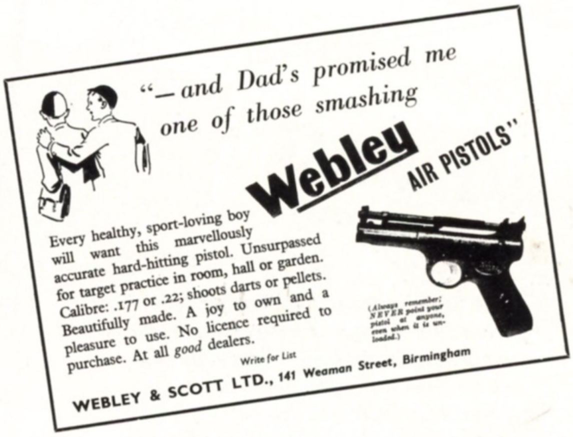
KEY TO OTHER PARTS

(10) Sand boxes. (11) Crew's door for corridor connection to train. (12) Driver's controls. (13) Driver's assistant and hand brake wheel. (14) Corridor passage through fuel tanks enabling relief crew from train to take over. (15) Oil fuel tanks – 815 gallons. (16) Engine cooling radiator. (17) Radiator fan. (18) Engine exhaust outlets and fans. (19) Sliding roof. (20) Air intake grills for engine. (21) Battery box. (22) Rear Six-Motor bogie. (23) Boiler water tanks. (24) Oil-fired boiler for steam-heating the train. (25) Driver's cab other end. (26) Second unit coupled the other way round.


EAGLE – SIX SUPER PRIZES MUST BE WON – see p. 11
EAGLE 6 March 1953
FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY
EVERY FRIDAY
EAGLE
6 MARCH 1953 Vol. 3 No. 48
DAN DARE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE
OPERATION SATURN
TAKE OFF CHECKS, FELLOWS! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
SPACE RESCUE
HELLO, CONTROL. WE'RE MANNING SHIP — DARE — LAFAYETTE — HOGAN — DIGBY. CAN YOU GIVE US A BEARING TO FLY ON? — OVER.
DAN? — CONTROLLER HERE — NEVER MIND THE BEARING. FLY ON VENUS "A" BEAM. CHECK BACK AFTER TAKE OFF.
SHIP CHECK'S AIRTIGHT, SIR.
PILOT BLOWERS ON — IMPULSE CONDENSERS UNDER FULL LOAD!
RAMP ELEVATION AND ANGLE CHECKS FOR VENUS "A" BEAM.
AUTO-PILOT LINKED AND TESTED.
AUTO-PILOT ON. FASTEN SHOCKSTRAPS! STAND BY...
HELLO, RAMP CREW. READY FOR TAKE-OFF — GIVE ME A FIVE COUNT.
4 — 3 — 2 — 1 —
ZERO!
SPACESHIP AWAAAAAAY!
ACCELERATION CEASING, SIR. ROCKET BOOSTS BURNT OUT. SHIP STEADYING ON MAXIMUM SPEED.
AUTO-PILOT EFFECTIVE. CENTRED ON VENUS "A" BEAM.
O.K., CHAPS. UNFASTEN SHOCKSTRAPS.
AND NOW PERHAPS ONE OF YOU MANIACS WILL TELL ME WHAT WE'RE DOING IN THIS SHIP?

fresh out of the local art college. Morris's only previous experience of magazine production was *The Anvil*, a religious publication initially for his parish, but proving so popular it became available nationwide. Hampson originally had been engaged as an artist for this, but together they formed plans for a new children's comic. The man who drew saints was about to create devils in the form of the Mekon, and a new saviour, Dan Dare.

Not only were the two inventors of *Eagle* new to the business of comic production, but so were the publishers. Hulton Press were famous for *Picture Post* but little else, and had never attempted to move in on the traditional comic territory occupied by Desperate Dan, Biffo the Bear and all the other stalwarts of D C Thomson, producers of *The Beano* and *The Dandy*. Some say it was this choice of publishers that made *Eagle* so innovatory. Few others would have incorporated so many new ideas into an unknown product. Instead of simply-drawn funny characters, *Eagle* had spectacularly detailed sci-fi adventures on the cover. The hero was Dan Dare: Pilot of the Future, conceived, drawn and in these early days even written by Hampson himself. His first mission was a journey to Venus to visit the Mekon to help cure world starvation. To the end, Hampson believed



"—and Dad's promised me one of those smashing

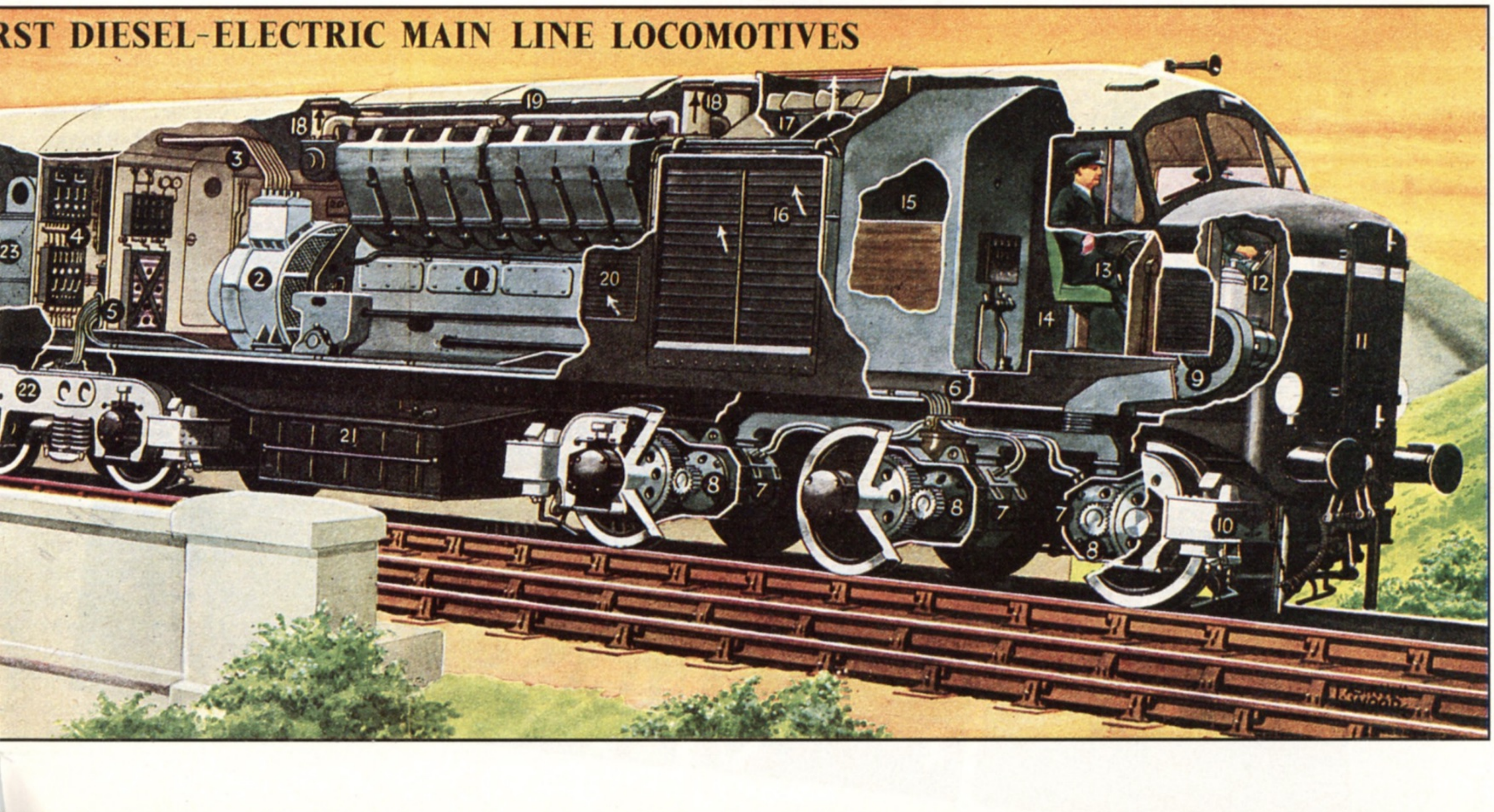
Webley AIR PISTOLS"

Every healthy, sport-loving boy will want this marvellously accurate hard-hitting pistol. Unsurpassed for target practice in room, hall or garden. Calibre: .177 or .22; shoots darts or pellets. Beautifully made. A joy to own and a pleasure to use. No licence required to purchase. At all *good* dealers.

(*Always remember; NEVER point your pistol at anyone, even when it is unloaded.*)

Write for List

WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD., 141 Weaman Street, Birmingham


RST DIESEL-ELECTRIC MAIN LINE LOCOMOTIVES
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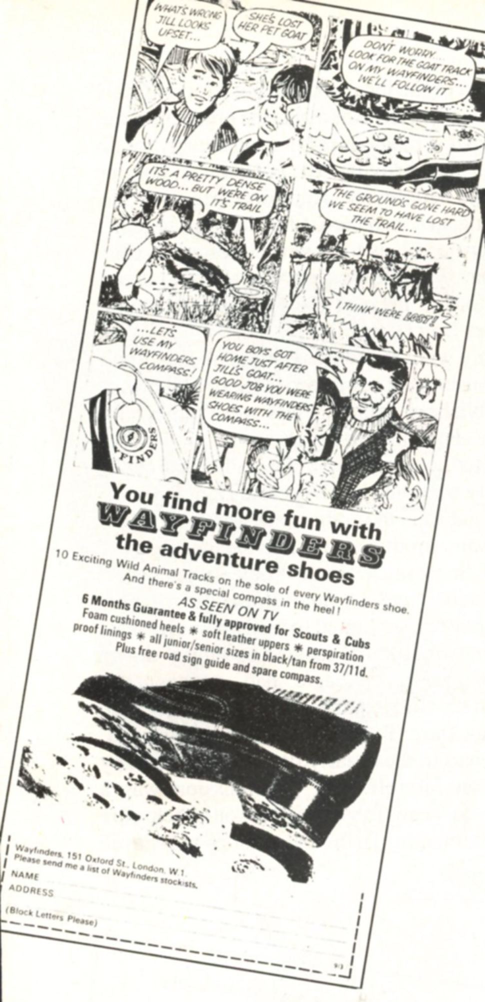

WHAT'S WRONG JILL LOOKS UPSET...
SHE'S LOST HER PET GOAT
DON'T WORRY... LOOK FOR THE GOAT TRACK ON MY WAYFINDERS... WE'LL FOLLOW IT
IT'S A PRETTY DENSE WOOD... BUT WE'RE ON IT'S TRAIL
THE GROUND'S GONE HARD WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE TRAIL...
I THINK WE'RE LOST!
...LET'S USE MY WAYFINDERS COMPASS!
YOU BOYS GOT HOME JUST AFTER JILL'S GOAT... GOOD JOB YOU WERE WEARING WAYFINDERS SHOES WITH THE COMPASS...
WAYFINDERS

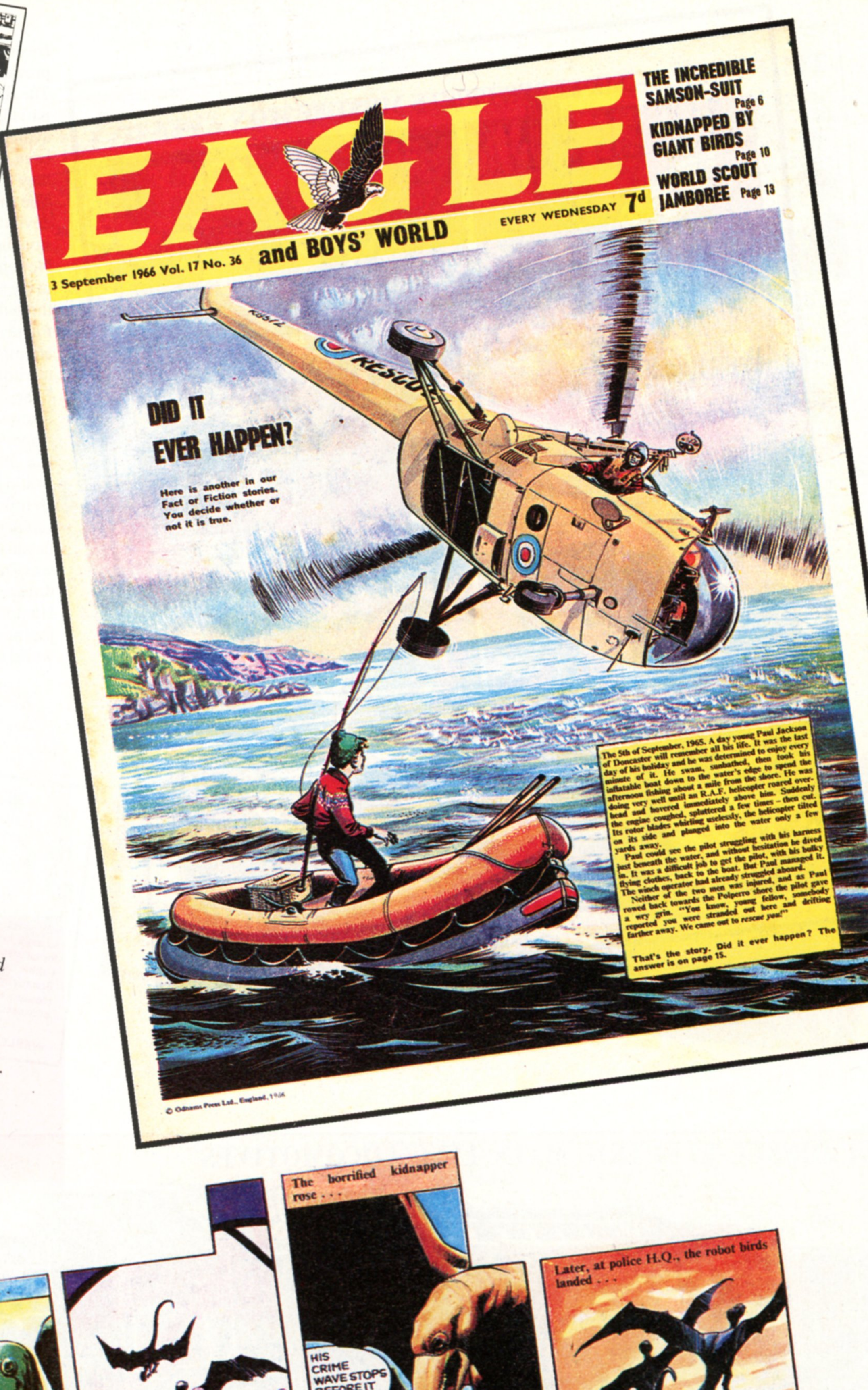
You find more fun with WAYFINDERS the adventure shoes

10 Exciting Wild Animal Tracks on the sole of every Wayfinders shoe.
And there's a special compass in the heel!
AS SEEN ON TV

6 Months Guarantee & fully approved for Scouts & Cubs
Foam cushioned heels ✱ soft leather uppers ✱ perspiration proof linings ✱ all junior/senior sizes in black/tan from 37/11d.
Plus free road sign guide and spare compass.

Wayfinders, 151 Oxford St., London, W.1.
Please send me a list of Wayfinders stockists.
NAME
ADDRESS
(Block Letters Please)

9/3



EAGLE and BOYS' WORLD

EVERY WEDNESDAY 7d

3 September 1966 Vol. 17 No. 36

THE INCREDIBLE SAMSON-SUIT Page 6

KIDNAPPED BY GIANT BIRDS Page 10

WORLD SCOUT JAMBOREE Page 13

DID IT EVER HAPPEN?

Here is another in our Fact or Fiction stories. You decide whether or not it is true.

The 5th of September, 1965. A day young Paul Jackson of Doncaster will remember all his life. It was the last day of his holiday and he was determined to enjoy every minute of it. He swam, sunbathed, then took his inflatable boat down to the water's edge to spend the afternoon fishing about a mile from the shore. He was doing very well until an R.A.F. helicopter roared overhead and hovered immediately above him. Suddenly the engine coughed, splattered a few times – then cut. Its rotor blades whirling uselessly, the helicopter tilted on its side and plunged into the water only a few yards away.

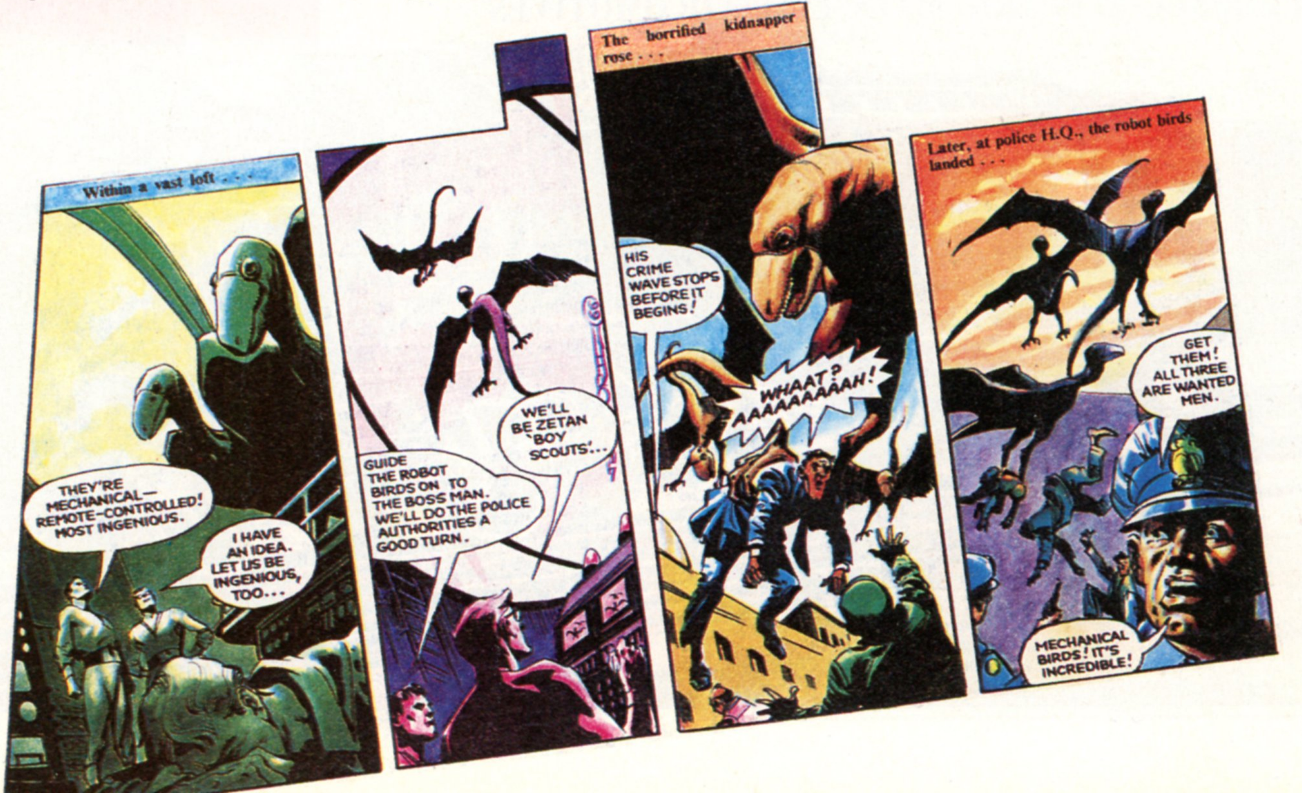
Paul could see the pilot struggling with his harness just beneath the water, and without hesitation he dived in. It was a difficult job to get the pilot, with his bulky flying clothes, back to the boat. But Paul managed it. The winch operator had already struggled aboard.

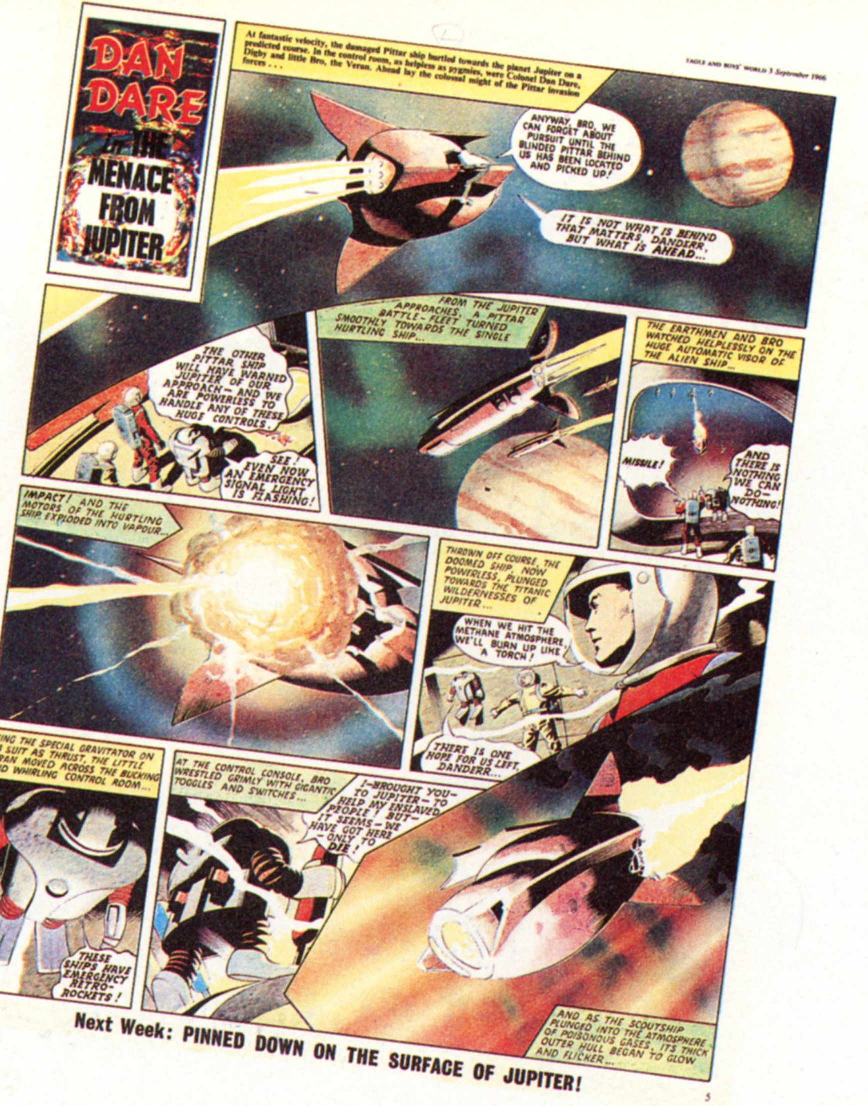
Neither of the two men was injured, and as Paul rowed back towards the Polperro shore the pilot gave a wry grin. "You know, young fellow, somebody reported you were stranded out here and drifting farther away. We came out to *rescue you!*"

That's the story. Did it ever happen? The answer is on page 15.

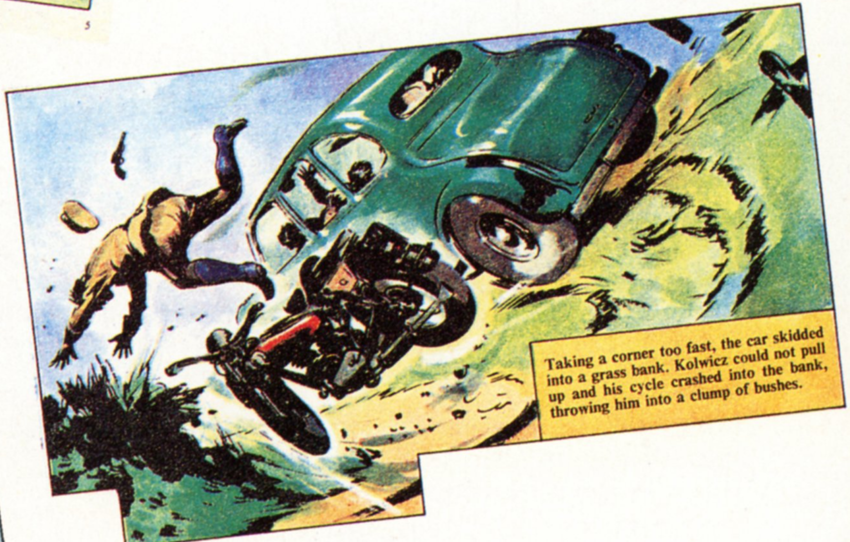
© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1966

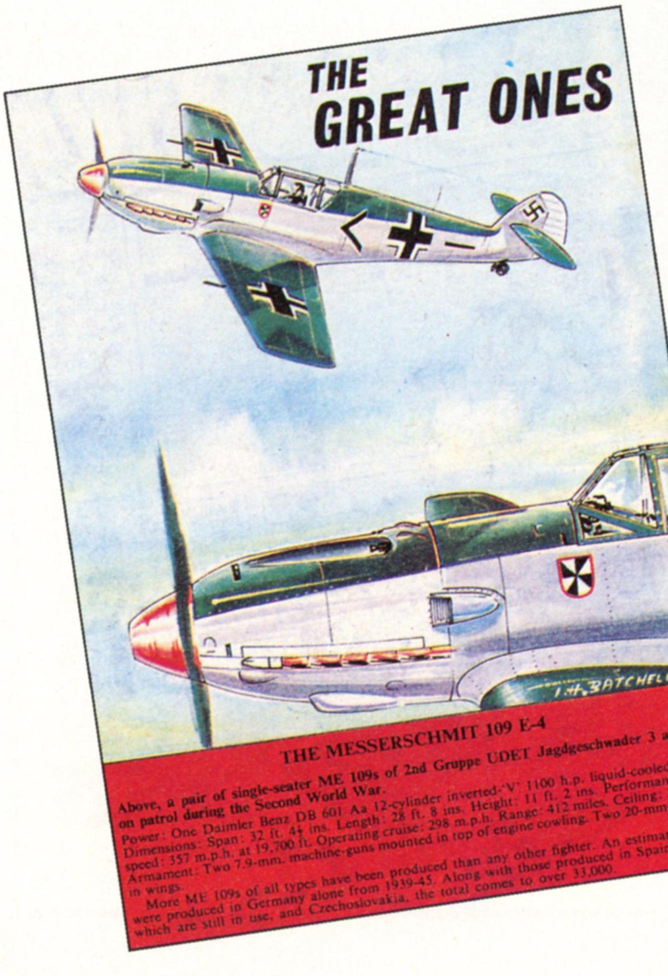
The Eagle *in the sixties. Top left: An ad from 1966 — shoes for boy scouts with a compass in the heel — and right, the cover from the September 3 issue. Far right: Dan Dare was relegated to an inside page. Below: The Flying Saucer Agents. Fact was still popular be it historic (mid right and far right, top) or modern as in Space Diary below it.*


Within a vast loft . . .
THEY'RE MECHANICAL— REMOTE-CONTROLLED! MOST INGENIOUS.
I HAVE AN IDEA. LET US BE INGENIOUS, TOO . . .
WE'LL BE ZETAN 'BOY SCOUTS'...
GUIDE THE ROBOT BIRDS ON TO THE BOSS MAN. WE'LL DO THE POLICE AUTHORITIES A GOOD TURN.
The horrified kidnapper rose . . .
HIS CRIME WAVE STOPS BEFORE IT BEGINS!
WHAAT? AAAAAAAAAH!
Later, at police H.Q., the robot birds landed . . .
GET THEM! ALL THREE ARE WANTED MEN.
MECHANICAL BIRDS! IT'S INCREDIBLE!


DAN DARE
in THE MENACE FROM JUPITER
EAGLE AND BOYS' WORLD 3 September 1966
At fantastic velocity, the damaged Pittar ship hurtled towards the planet Jupiter on a predicted course. In the control room, as helpless as pygmies, were Colonel Dan Dare, Digby and little Bro, the Veran. Ahead lay the colossal might of the Pittar invasion forces . . .
ANYWAY, BRO, WE CAN FORGET ABOUT PURSUIT UNTIL THE BLINDED PITTAR BEHIND US HAS BEEN LOCATED AND PICKED UP!
IT IS NOT WHAT IS BEHIND THAT MATTERS, DANDERR, BUT WHAT IS AHEAD...
THE OTHER PITTAR SHIP WILL HAVE WARNED JUPITER OF OUR APPROACH— AND WE ARE POWERLESS TO HANDLE ANY OF THESE HUGE CONTROLS.
SEE! EVEN NOW AN EMERGENCY SIGNAL LIGHT IS FLASHING!
FROM THE JUPITER APPROACHES, A PITTAR BATTLE-FLEET TURNED SMOOTHLY TOWARDS THE SINGLE HURTLING SHIP...
THE EARTHMEN AND BRO WATCHED HELPLESSLY ON THE HUGE AUTOMATIC VISOR OF THE ALIEN SHIP...
MISSILE!
AND THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO— NOTHING!
IMPACT! AND THE MOTORS OF THE HURTLING SHIP EXPLODED INTO VAPOUR...
THROWN OFF COURSE, THE DOOMED SHIP, NOW POWERLESS, PLUNGED TOWARDS THE TITANIC WILDERNESSES OF JUPITER...
WHEN WE HIT THE METHANE ATMOSPHERE, WE'LL BURN UP LIKE A TORCH!
THERE IS ONE HOPE FOR US LEFT, DANDERR...
USING THE SPECIAL GRAVITATOR ON HIS SUIT AS THRUST, THE LITTLE VERAN MOVED ACROSS THE BUCKING AND WHIRLING CONTROL ROOM...
THESE SHIPS HAVE EMERGENCY RETRO-ROCKETS!
AT THE CONTROL CONSOLE, BRO WRESTLED GRIMLY WITH GIGANTIC TOGGLES AND SWITCHES...
I—BROUGHT YOU— TO JUPITER— TO HELP MY INSLAVED PEOPLE! BUT— IT SEEMS— WE HAVE GOT HERE —ONLY TO DIE!
AND AS THE SCOUTSHIP PLUNGED INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF POISONOUS GASES, ITS THICK OUTER HULL BEGAN TO GLOW AND FLICKER...
Next Week: PINNED DOWN ON THE SURFACE OF JUPITER!
5

this to be one of the best stories of his Dan Dare. The story continued on the inside front cover, also in colour something unknown before in British comics. Then, on page three, the comic reverted to black and white to recount the police adventures of 'radio's PC49'. Next came a short story, and sports coaching from experts such as Billy Wright ('Captain of the Wolves and England'). There was also advice for collectors and on other hobbies before the colour centre pages. These included the famous 'cut-away view' allowing a detailed look at the interior of a contemporary scientific marvel, such as the first diesel electric locomotive, drawn by technical artists like Ashley Wood and *Mayfair* illustrator Geoffrey Wheeler. More factual information followed — history and nature, again in comic book form, before the *Eagle* Club gave the readers a chance to write to the editor. One lucky chap was even dubbed 'Mug of the Month' for his charity work — a term that did not have the insulting overtones it has today. Next came a feature where one of the *Eagle's* reporters tried a dangerous stunt (pre-dating John Noakes by some 20 years), then the humorous adventures of Harris Tweed and the ice cream sponsored Tommy Walls (who asked for no reward for his heroism beyond 'lots of Walls ice cream, please.') Finally, on the back page a Morris/Hampson work — a religious story told in comic-strip style, entitled 'The Great Adventurer'. All this for 4d (less than 2p).
Reaction to the new 'fact and fiction' comic was tremendous. Over 1,000,000 copies of the first


Taking a corner too fast, the car skidded into a grass bank. Kolwicz could not pull up and his cycle crashed into the bank, throwing him into a clump of bushes.

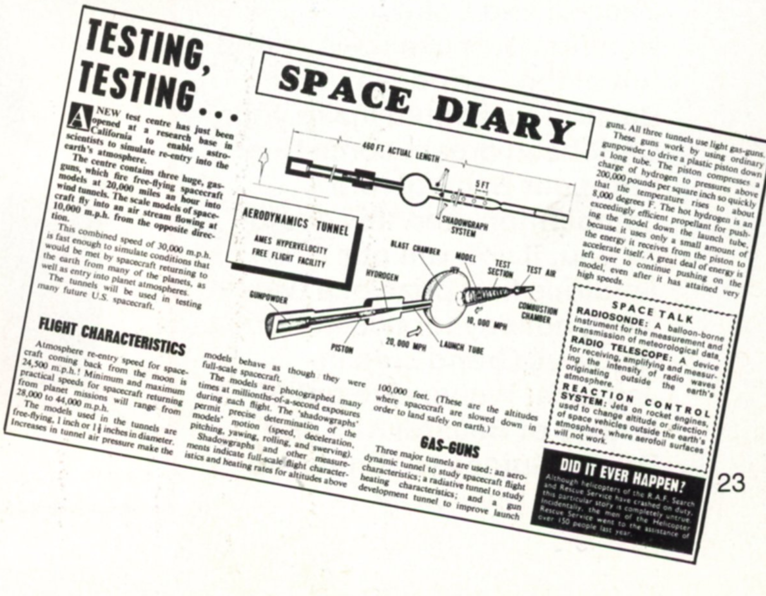

THE GREAT ONES
I.H. BATCHELOR.

THE MESSERSCHMIT 109 E-4

Above, a pair of single-seater ME 109s of 2nd Gruppe UDET Jagdgeschwader 3 are seen on patrol during the Second World War.

Power: One Daimler Benz DB 601 Aa 12-cylinder inverted-'V' 1100 h.p. liquid-cooled engine. Dimensions: Span: 32 ft. 4½ ins. Length: 28 ft. 8 ins. Height: 11 ft. 2 ins. Performance: Max speed: 357 m.p.h. at 19,700 ft. Operating cruise: 298 m.p.h. Range: 412 miles. Ceiling: 36,000 ft. Armament: Two 7.9-mm. machine-guns mounted in top of engine cowling. Two 20-mm. cannons in wings.

More ME 109s of all types have been produced than any other fighter. An estimated 30,573 were produced in Germany alone from 1939-45. Along with those produced in Spain, some of which are still in use, and Czechoslovakia, the total comes to over 33,000.


SPACE DIARY
460 FT ACTUAL LENGTH
5 FT
SHADOWGRAPH SYSTEM
AERODYNAMICS TUNNEL
AMES HYPERVELOCITY FREE FLIGHT FACILITY
BLAST CHAMBER
MODEL
TEST SECTION
TEST AIR
HYDROGEN
GUNPOWDER
COMBUSTION CHAMBER
10,000 MPH
20,000 MPH
PISTON
LAUNCH TUBE

TESTING, TESTING...

A NEW test centre has just been opened at a research base in California to enable astro-scientists to simulate re-entry into the earth's atmosphere.

The centre contains three huge, gas-guns, which fire free-flying spacecraft models at 20,000 miles an hour into wind tunnels. The scale models of space-craft fly into an air stream flowing at 10,000 m.p.h. from the opposite direction.

This combined speed of 30,000 m.p.h. is fast enough to simulate conditions that would be met by spacecraft returning to the earth from many of the planets, as well as entry into planet atmospheres.

The tunnels will be used in testing many future U.S. spacecraft.

FLIGHT CHARACTERISTICS

Atmosphere re-entry speed for space-craft coming back from the moon is 24,500 m.p.h.! Minimum and maximum practical speeds for spacecraft returning from planet missions will range from 28,000 to 44,000 m.p.h.

The models used in the tunnels are free-flying, 1 inch or 1½ inches in diameter. Increases in tunnel air pressure make the models behave as though they were full-scale spacecraft.

The models are photographed many times at millionths-of-a-second exposures during each flight. The 'shadowgraphs' permit precise determination of the models' motion (speed, deceleration, pitching, yawing, rolling, and swerving).

Shadowgraphs and other measurements indicate full-scale flight characteristics and heating rates for altitudes above 100,000 feet. (These are the altitudes where spacecraft are slowed down in order to land safely on earth.)

GAS-GUNS

Three major tunnels are used: an aerodynamic tunnel to study spacecraft flight characteristics; a radiative tunnel to study heating characteristics; and a gun development tunnel to improve launch guns. All three tunnels use light gas-guns.

These guns work by using ordinary gunpowder to drive a plastic piston down a long tube. The piston compresses a charge of hydrogen to pressures above 200,000 pounds per square inch so quickly that the temperature rises to about 8,000 degrees F. The hot hydrogen is an exceedingly efficient propellant for pushing the model down the launch tube, because it uses only a small amount of the energy it receives from the piston to accelerate itself. A great deal of energy is left over to continue pushing on the model, even after it has attained very high speeds.

SPACE TALK

RADIOSONDE: A balloon-borne instrument for the measurement and transmission of meteorological data.

RADIO TELESCOPE: A device for receiving, amplifying and measuring the intensity of radio waves originating outside the earth's atmosphere.

REACTION CONTROL SYSTEM: Jets on rocket engines, used to change altitude or direction of space vehicles outside the earth's atmosphere, where aerofoil surfaces will not work.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN?

Although helicopters of the R.A.F. Search and Rescue Service have crashed on duty, this particular story is completely untrue. Incidentally, the men of the Helicopter Rescue Service went to the assistance of over 150 people last year.

Eagle

continued from page 23

edition were sold, then sales settled to average around 800,000 per issue. Today they are collectors items, particularly the second which for unknown reasons had a smaller production run. A copy now will cost at least £100. By the mid fifties, *Eagle* had not only attracted readers but also a fine selection of artists, writers and characters to its fold. Names that were to become famous emerged. As well as the continuing adventures of Dan Dare and his cohorts (some of which lasted over a year!). Riders of the Range lived out a series of cowboy stories, Luck of the Legion took on desert ruffians, and Jack O'Lantern provided yet more excitement. And, if a comic a week wasn't enough, from 1951, *Eagle* Annuals produced still more stories of these heroes to enjoy, often, due to pressure of work, drawn by different artists, but still eagerly awaited. There were also 'theme' annuals on hobbies, detection, and sport as well. And Hulton even arranged specialist exhibitions for *Eagle* devotees.

For many, the years between 1956 and 1958 were the height of *Eagle's* soaring success. However, a serious rift was about to knock it off its lofty perch. Following Morris's departure, in 1959, Hampson, a man of deep convictions like his old editor, said he wished to take a few months off from chronicling the doings of the Pilot of the Future to draw the life of Christ, undoubtedly the ultimate back page story. However in his absence, the highly complicated plot that Hampson had planned for Dan Dare was quietly dropped, and another quicker simpler one used instead. When Hampson returned to meet the new editor, Clifford Maykins, he found that he had been all but dropped from the team. New artists like Frank Bellamy, Don Harley and Keith Watson had taken his place. Hampson was reduced to drawing one-offs for devotees. Some say this destroyed him, though this is perhaps an exaggeration. Shortly after, however he fell ill. He finally died in 1986 after strokes had totally incapacitated him. Ironically, that same year a book about his work *The Man Who Drew Tomorrow* was being prepared, and was completed just two months after his death. his work lives on through that book, and through the efforts of his widow who kindly digs out original artwork for modern *Eagle* complilations.

The period from 1959 was one of constant change for the *Eagle*. The new editor was determined to win back his once large readership and at the same time keep the old loyal fans as well. One symptom of this was the ever-changing cover. Dan Dare, once a permanent fixture on the cover, was moved inside, and replaced with superheroes such as the Smoke Man. Then when that didn't work, he was put back again, but squeezed into two thirds of a page to make room for a fascinating facts column of record breakers and suchlike. The religious back page story was given a wider theme to take in true tales of explorers. Junior versions of the comic such as *Swift* and *Robin* were tried, a female version called *Girl* and another called *Boy's World*. All were to prove unsuccessful, in the case of *Boy's World* merging again with the original title after just one year.

But like its interplanetary hero, *Eagle* wasn't giving up without a fight. In the mid-60s, the comic regained a lot of credibility thanks to the work of artists like sci-fi fan Frank Bellamy and the historical drama drawings of Ron Embleton. New characters like Heros the Spartan actually proved popular, and are still admired today, but it was only to delay the inevitable. A new threat to Dan Dare was soon to emerge from an unlikely angle — television puppeteers.

Gerry Anderson began in TV with children's shows like *Twizzle* and *Four Father Falls*, but by the mid-sixties he had a huge following thanks to his 'supermarrionette' series such as *Supercar, Fireball XL5* and *Stingray*. Soon *Thunderbirds* would join the fold, and their adventures in cartoon form would be told in Anderson's own comic *TV21*. The launch in 1965 was similar in a way to that of the *Eagle* 15 years earlier. *TV21* was big and brash with lots of colour at a time when *Eagle* had lost a lot of its own — even Dare was now a black and white reprint of his former colour adventures. Artists like Bellamy left the *Eagle* for *TV21*. The *Eagle* now had to attempt to carry on against the stiff television-based opposition.

The result was predictable. Despite the excellent work of Dan Dare fanatic and artist Keith Watson, *Eagle* looked old-fashioned against its new rival, with its Boy Scout page, and ads like Wayfarer shoes with a compass concealed in the heel. Furthermore there were changes of ownership. Hulton was sold to Odhams, and they in turn merged with Newnes to form IPC. *Eagle* was part of a publishing conglomerate for the first time, and ill-at ease. After only a year, in 1969, IPC merged it with their own title *Lion*, effectively killing the comic off.

But no. Enormous loyalty to the comic — not least by celebrities such as Michael Palin and Desmond Lynam — led to the very people who killed off the comic relaunching it in 1982. IPC with new *Eagle* editors Barry Tomlinson and Dave Hunt fired up the space ship engines again, but this time with most of the adventures in photo form, as was popular in many other magazines. Well, popular for love stories, but not for Dan Dare! The photos were dropped and artwork re-appeared from 1984 with Ian Kennedy now behind the pen. *Eagle* flies on, now thanks to yet another sale, this time to Fleetway Publishing (a satellite of Robert Maxwell's empire — which is nearly as vast as the Mekon's). So what's the future for the comic, and the pilot of the last 40 years?

'Dan's going to become a lot more human,' says Barry Tomlinson who learned his art editing *Tiger* and *Roy of the Rovers*. 'and after years of being slightly apprehensive of women, especially his assistant Miss Peabody, will start to show more of an interest in them.'

Something of an understatement. *Mayfair* can reveal that they will be getting married later in the year! Won't this upset the dedicated purists who don't think of Dan in those terms?

'I doubt it,' said Tomlinson, 'Roy of the Rovers married and that made him more popular if anything. Children these days want an element of "soap" in their stories. They're all *Neighbours* fans.'

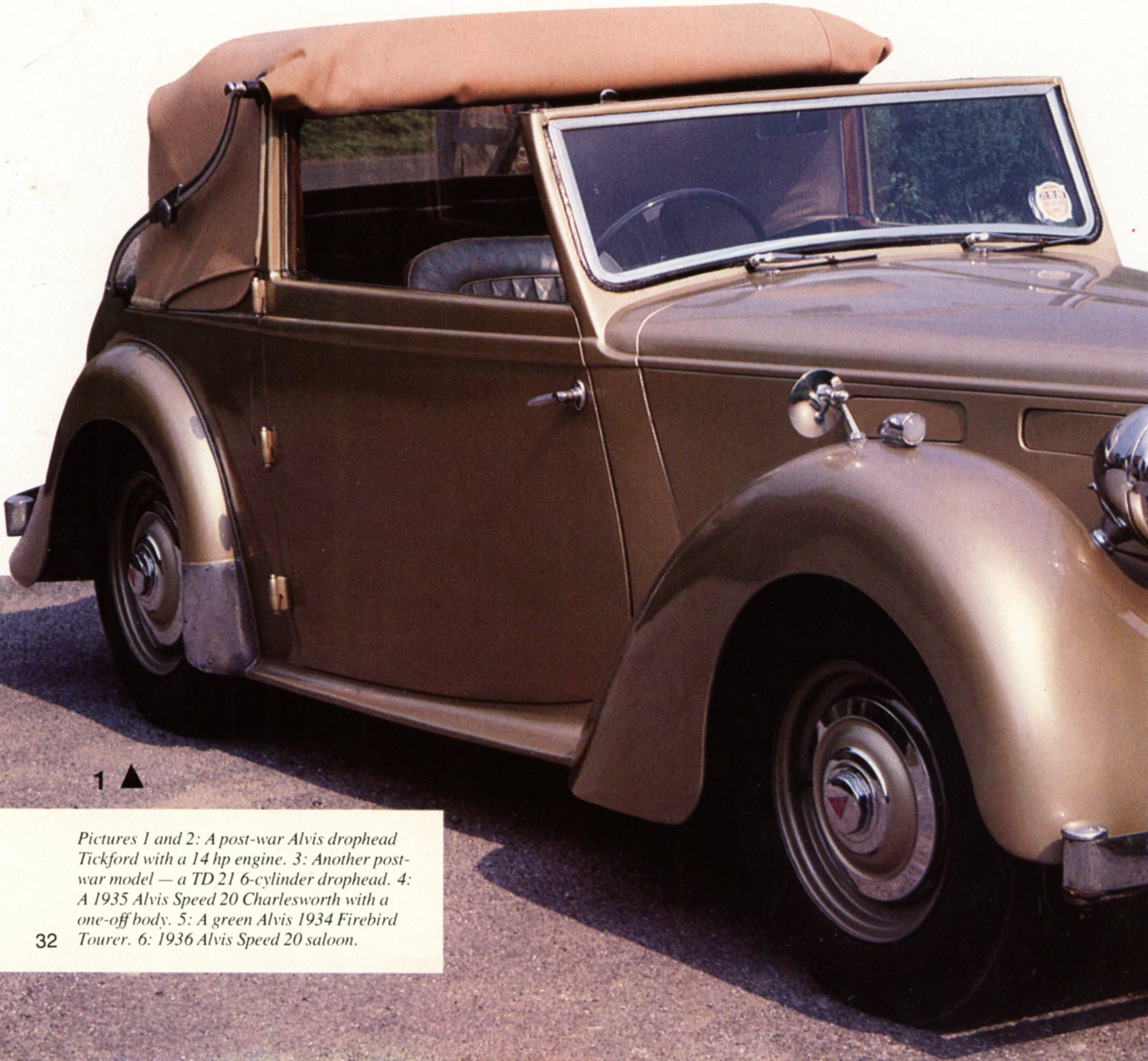
But even if a Mr and Mrs Dare do upset some of the old aficionados, the rest of the relaunched *Eagle* will delight them. The new issue, dated April 28 though available from St George's Day (appropriate for Britain's greatest superhero), will return to the fact and fiction combination, complete with cut-away drawings (the first being a military helicopter). However there are moves with the times. The eagle logo is being redrawn for the first time, the features will include pop music as well as hobbies, and the 45p 32 page magazine will be entirely in colour (except for the deliberately black and white 'Ghost World'). But characters like 'Computer Warrior', the 'Dark Angels' skateboard crimebusters and Dan over four full colour pages, there's a lot the old *Eagle* fan will recognise. It seems even for comics, life begins at 40.

THE END OF THE WORLD IS NEAR
Pan.

Alvis have always had a reputation for building cars of quality. As early as 1923, they averaged 93 mph when winning a race at Brooklands. The Alvis marque ceased in 1965, but today, many of the models are prized by enthusiasts more than ever before

ALVIS LIVES...

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland



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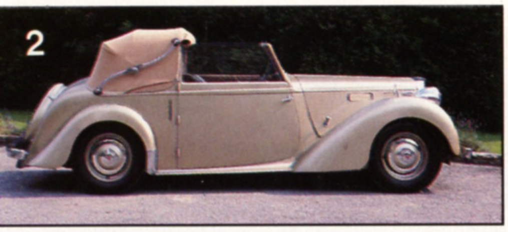
Pictures 1 and 2: A post-war Alvis drophead Tickford with a 14 hp engine. 3: Another post-war model — a TD 21 6-cylinder drophead. 4: A 1935 Alvis Speed 20 Charlesworth with a one-off body. 5: A green Alvis 1934 Firebird Tourer. 6: 1936 Alvis Speed 20 saloon.

The Alvis was definitely a car of quality. Like so many other high-class British motor-cars it was produced in Coventry — the Motor City. At first it was quality and good engineering, rather than ingenuity, that endeared the Alvis to discerning motorists.

They were motorists rather than car-owners in 1919 when T G John first began making his own cars in a factory bearing his own name. Roads were uncongested, petrol was inexpensive, the war was over. The seaside and the countryside called, and all manner of new cars joined others with pre-war names, to make such exploration pleasantly easy for those with their own transport. Into this world came the Alvis.

Among such people, the Alvis had yet to prove itself. But quality ensures sales, and although at first the Alvis, in 10/30 hp and 12/40 hp forms, had a conventional side-valve engine with four cylinders it was well made. The 1½-litre engine size theme was continued for many years, and in 1923 came a useful bit of publicity for those who followed the motoring scene. The third great 200 Mile Race was to be held at Brooklands Track, where speed-loving drivers had flocked since 1907, and still do, although they no longer race. Alvis had developed an overhead-valve version of its very sound 1500 cc power-unit, with normal push-rod and rocker operation.

This engine developed some 50 bhp, excellent for an engine of light-car dimensions. This was achieved by sensible engineering, and the 12/50 hp Alvis did not need the complication of a water-pump (a common source of leaks), nor a cooling-fan. Simple it may have been. Effective it most certainly was in the tough world of competitive



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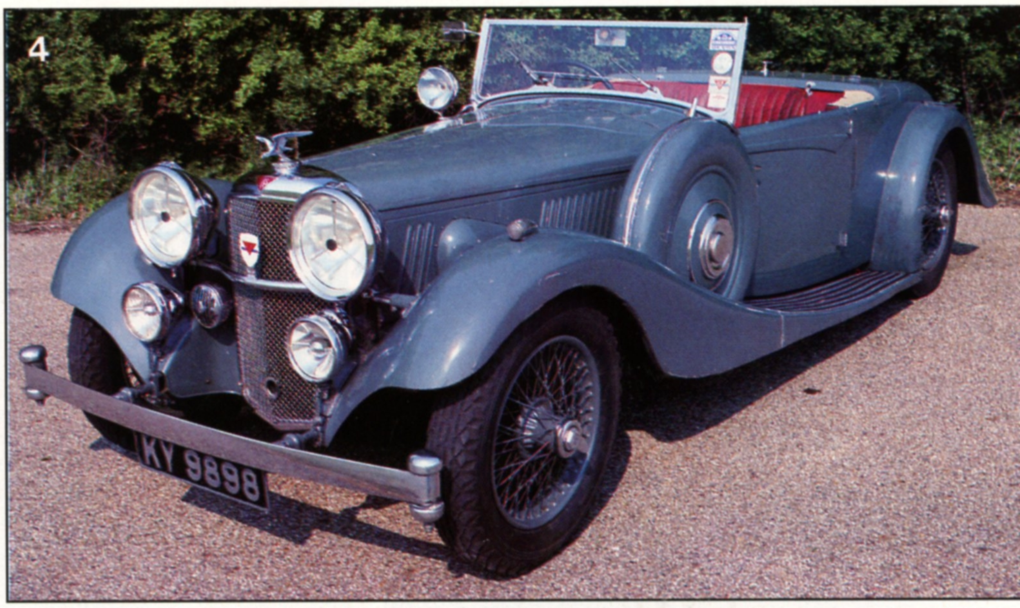

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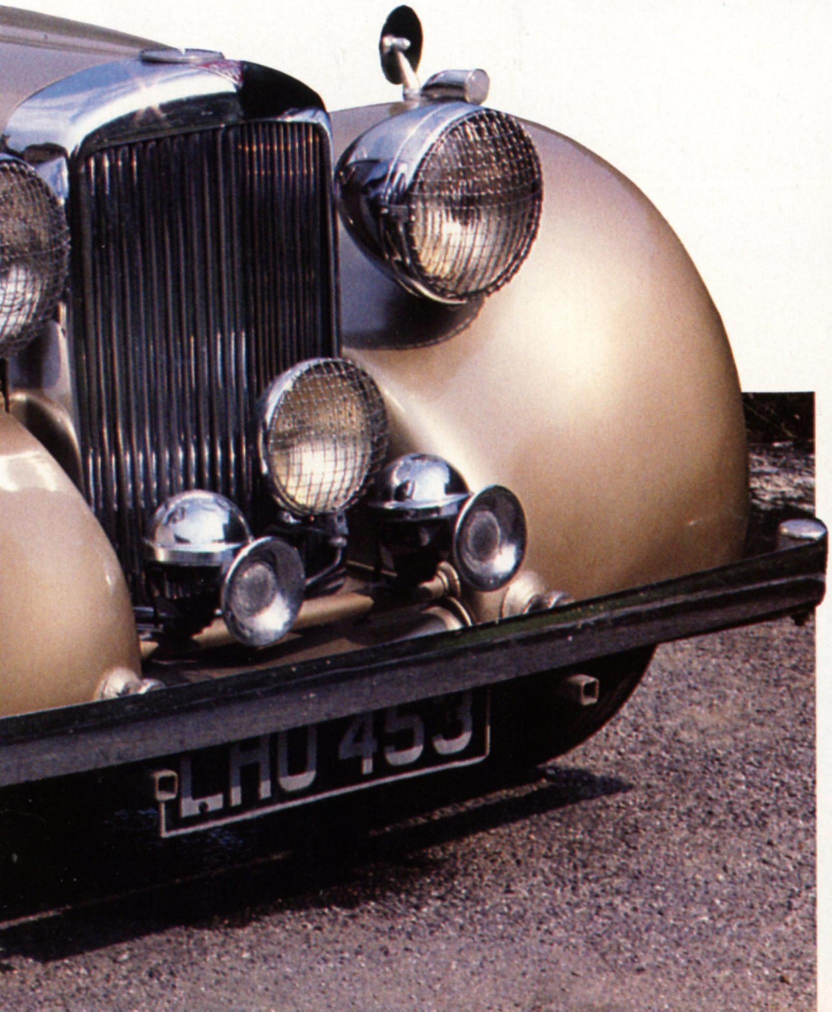

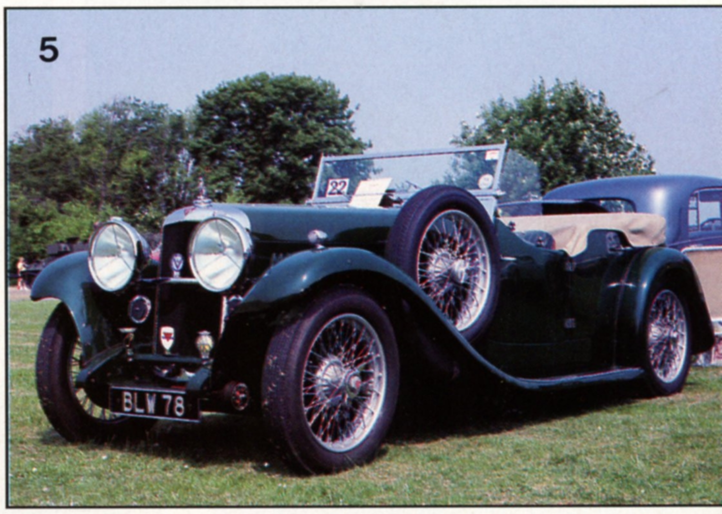

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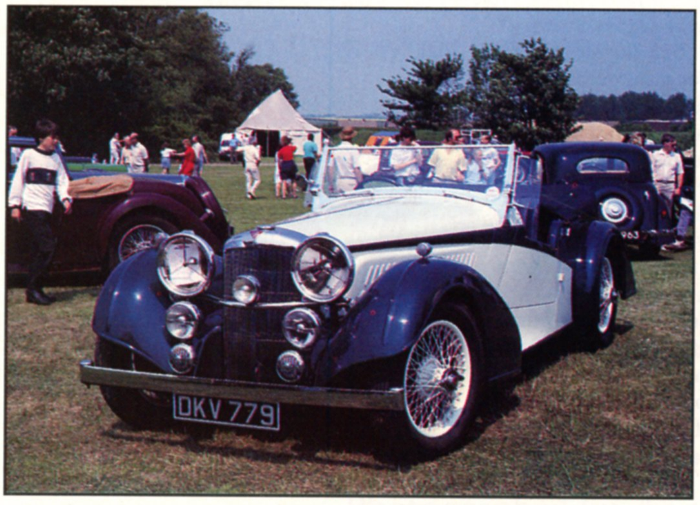
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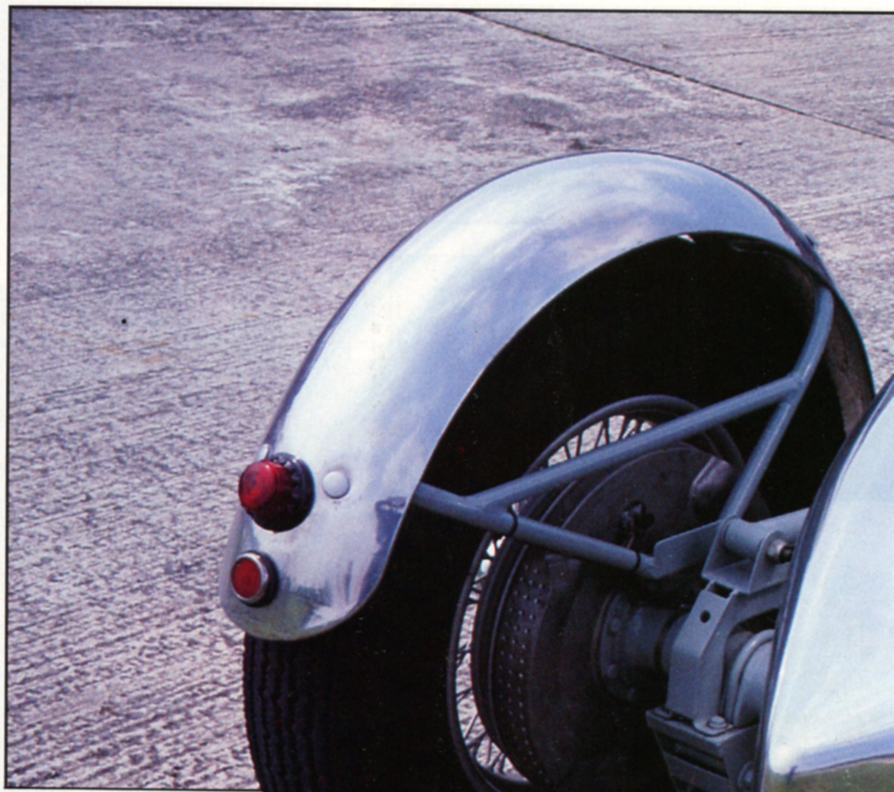

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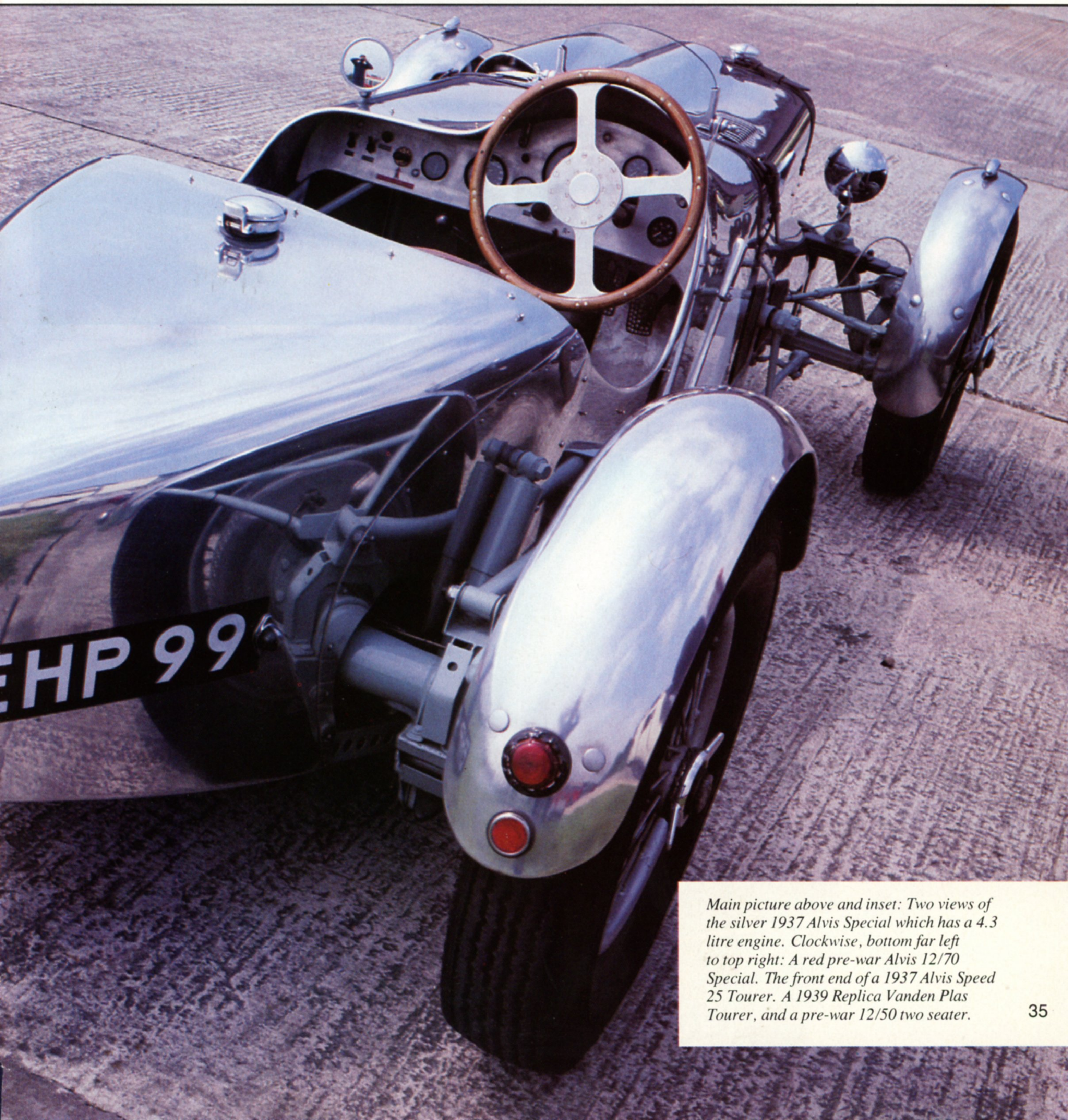
motor racing like the Brooklands event. Boldly Alvis of Coventry entered for this long all-out test of speed over the famous old course. Boldly, because two Fiats had been entered by the celebrated Italian manufacturer, equipped with that new-fangled power-producer, the supercharger. This so troubled the makers of the previously invincible Talbot-Darracq racing-team that at the height of their successful racing-career they made a lame excuse and withdrew.

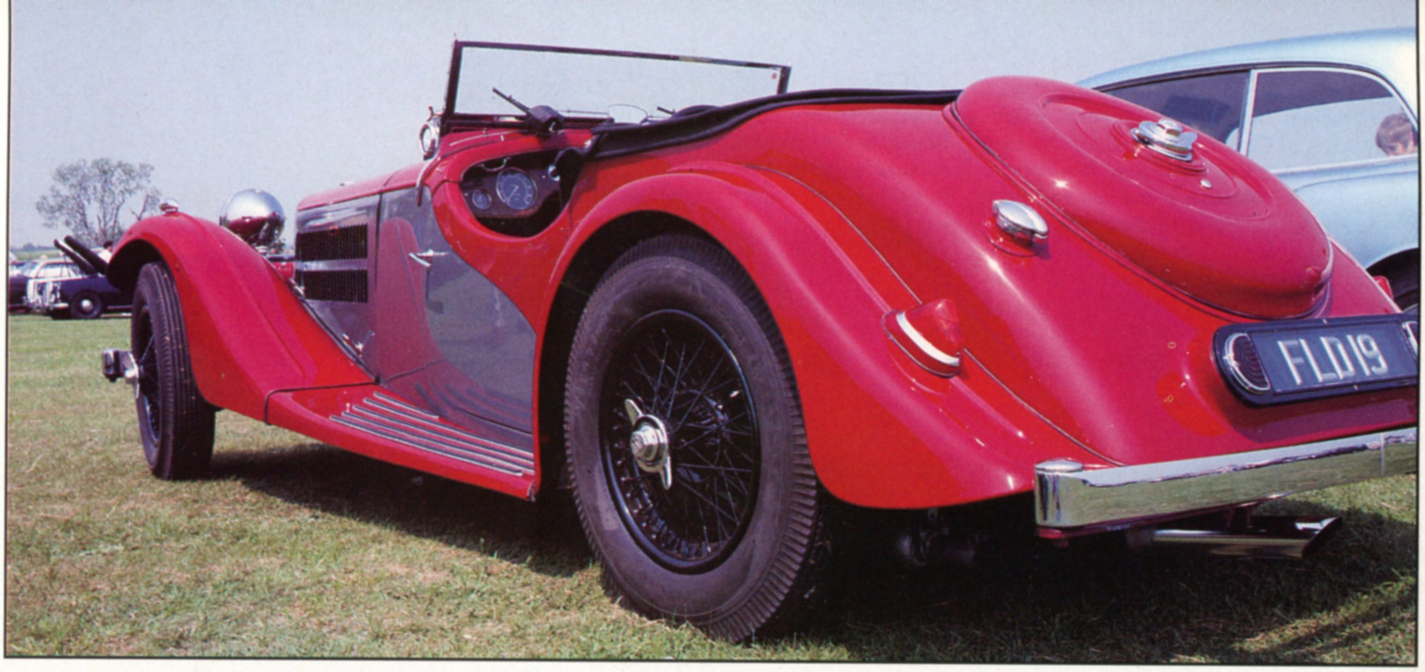
Fortunately for Alvis and its new 12/50 model, both Fiats, one driven by Carlo Salamano, the other by Britain's famous Malcolm Campbell who knew Brooklands well, soon broke down in spectacular drifts of trailing smoke. C M Harvey in the racing Alvis went on to win after 200 punishing miles, at a very respectable average speed of 93.29 mph — in 1923. It even beat a Bugatti to boot. Whether the race victory sealed the success that the later Alvis Company, formed in 1927, was to enjoy who can say? But it must have helped.

G de Freville, who had thought-up the original 10/30, had come from another Coventry motor-maker, Siddeley-Deasy, and later Capt Smith-Clarke became the Alvis Chief Engineer. He cleverly designed that overhead-valve 12/50 engine.

Innovations followed, for which Alvis will be forever remembered. Six-cylinder cars joined the fours. At a time, quite unlike today, when front-wheel-drive — the art of pulling a car round a corner instead of pushing it round — was virtually unknown, Alvis brought out the front-wheel-drive model, at first with an overhead-



Main picture above and inset: Two views of the silver 1937 Alvis Special which has a 4.3 litre engine. Clockwise, bottom far left to top right: A red pre-war Alvis 12/70 Special. The front end of a 1937 Alvis Speed 25 Tourer. A 1939 Replica Vanden Plas Tourer, and a pre-war 12/50 two seater.



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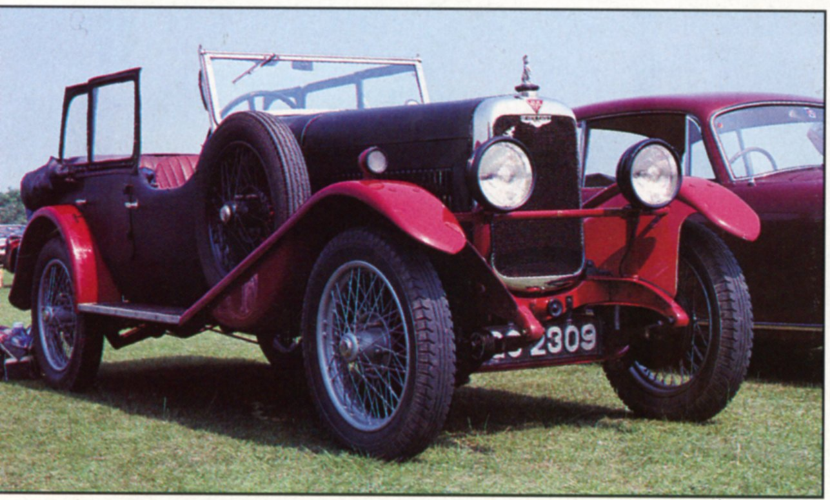

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Picture 1: A green 1937 Alvis Speed 25 Tourer. 2: A red and black Alvis 1929 Silver Eagle Tourer. 3: The rare body of an Alvis TA estate. 4: A rear view of a pre-war red Alvis Speed 25 Charlesworth Tourer. 5: A grey post-war Alvis TE 21 saloon. 6: A 1951 TA 21.

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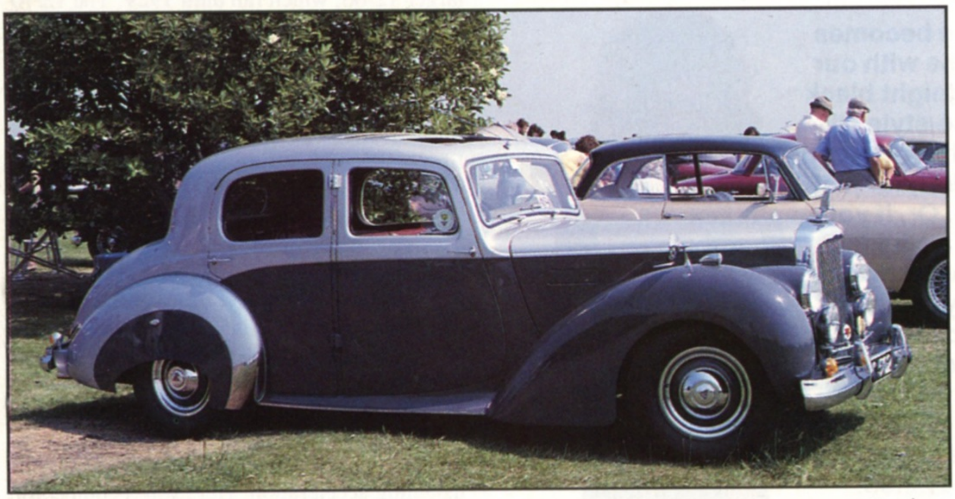

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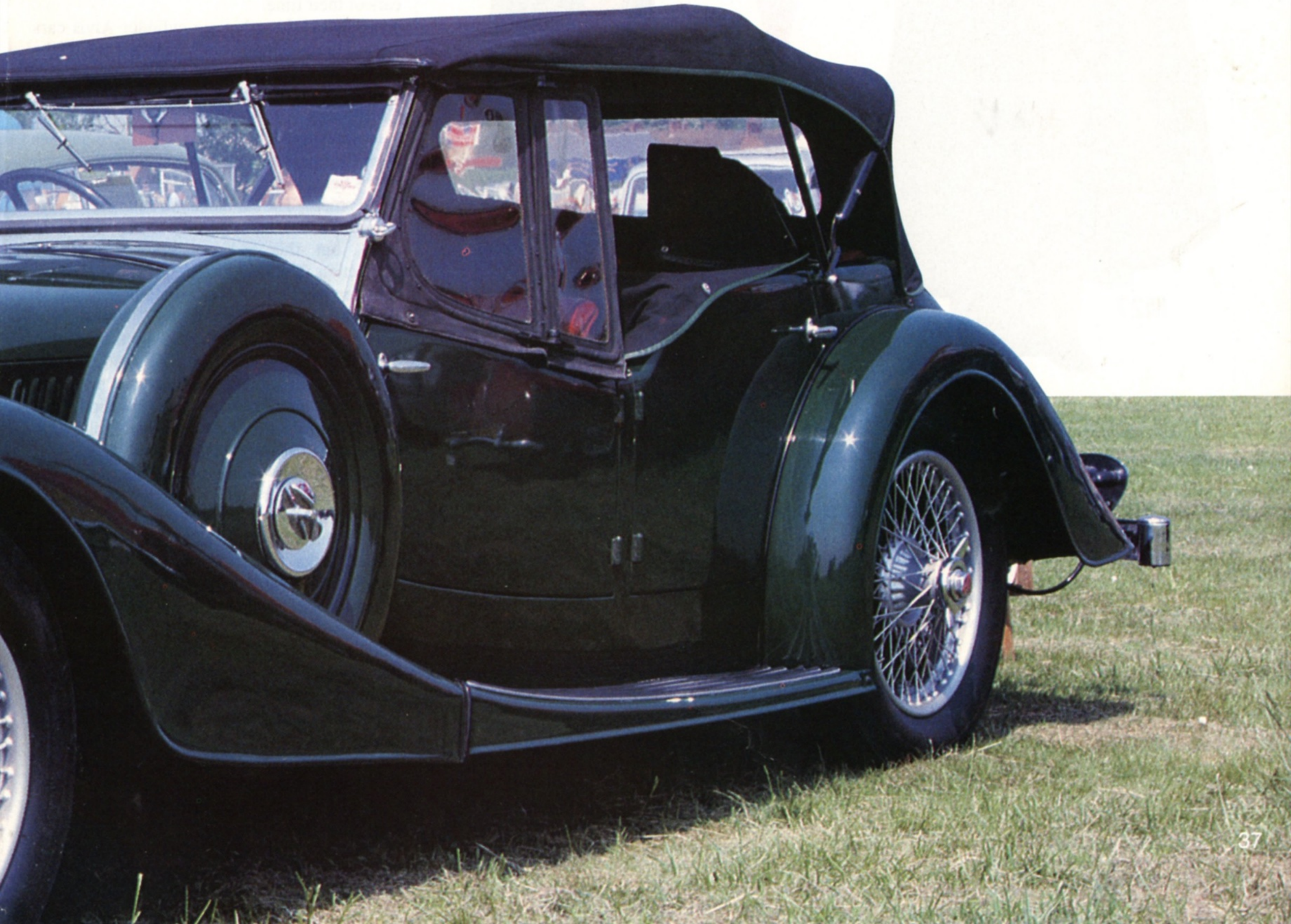
camshaft back-to-front edition of the 12/50 engine, which was sold and raced. This theme was followed by straight-eight-cylinder FWD cars, raced both in sports-car events like the Ulster TT, and also as Grand Prix single-seaters. Thus Alvis of Coventry joined the exclusive ranks of builders of British road-racing cars, and starting with Napier and Sunbeam, there have been very few.

Well-established as leaders in the quality-car field, Alvis had sold some 6,000 cars by 1928. The 12/50 had been presented in polished-aluminium, outside exhaust, duck's-back and beetle-back Super Sports form, and also in two-seater with dickey, tourer and saloon forms. From a small six-cylinder development of these cars came the 14/75, which led on to the very popular Silver Eagle Six, with a 2148cc engine,



which surfaced in 1929. That was the signal for Alvis to offer even bigger six-cylinder cars.

Of these, the Speed Twenty and the Speed Twenty-Five live on as classic cars, increasing in value among collectors and those who like to drive a pre-war thoroughbred. The former dates from 1932, and it heralded further Alvis innovations; the splendid all-synchromesh gearbox, and of later models independent-front-suspension using a massive transverse leaf spring. The front-drive concept was quietly dropped. It was too soon for public consumption, noisy and demanding to drive, although a perfectly practical car in experienced hands. However, the four-cylinder Alvis concept was continued. The 12/50 merged into the slightly larger 12/60, which ran until 1929. The 12/70 took up this theme to the war-years. A likable car with central instead of a right-hand gear lever, the latter had tended to insert itself up the driver's trouser-leg as he entered.

Interim Alvis models included the 1½-litre Firefly of 1933, using a Wilson pre-selector gearbox, and the 1842 cc Firebird of 1936. The 1933 Crested Eagle Six preceded the great Speed Twenty, with its deeply cruciform-braced chassis. Alvis was now in the luxury, high-performance category. Engine size was increased, and not content to leave it to the 95-mph Speed Twenty-Five saloon to maintain sales, the 3½-litre was bored-out to 4.3-litres. With this size, Alvis had one of the fastest saloon cars on the market. In short-chassis form, with its 123 bhp, it was good for over 100 mph with matching acceleration. Here was a competitor for the 4½-litre Lagonda and the 4½-litre Bentley built by Rolls-Royce. Two high quality cars of their time.

Years later, these big six-cylinder Alvis cars formed the basis of several racing specials. In the four-cylinder class, George Lanchester, who had evolved the 12/70, came up with the 1938 Silver Crest Alvis.

With war approaching, Alvis made aero-engines from 1937, and after the war became well-known in this field, with air-cooled radial engines, like the Leonides. The car factory in Holyhead Road, Coventry, was destroyed by enemy bombs in 1940, but this did not restrict post-war production. The 12/70 was replaced by the four-cylinder 1892 cc TA14, and replaced again in 1950, by the six-cylinder TA21. But the best remembered post-war Alvises are the fast and handsome TC21/100 and the 120 bhp TD21. By 1962, the latter was endowed with disc brakes all round, and the Graber-styled saloon body was indeed an eye-catcher. Better was to follow. A five-speed 130 bhp six-cylinder TD21 was available by 1964, and is among those Alvis cars still sought after, and becoming ever more highly-priced today.

So Alvis has had a long and illustrious history, not only in the car field, but as makers of military vehicles and other hardware. Rover took over eventually and obliterated one of the best-known and best-liked British makes. But whenever vintage and classic car buffs meet, the make is represented, from the 12/50 to the sixes, and at race meetings these and the Speed-20/25 and 4.3-litre Specials compete with the best of them on the track.

Two very active organisations ensure this: The 12/50 Alvis Register (Sec J Willis, The Vinery, Wanborough Manor, Guildford, Surrey GU3 2JR) and the Alvis Owner Club (Sec M J Cummins, The Hill House, Rushstock, Droitwich, Worcs WR9 9NR).

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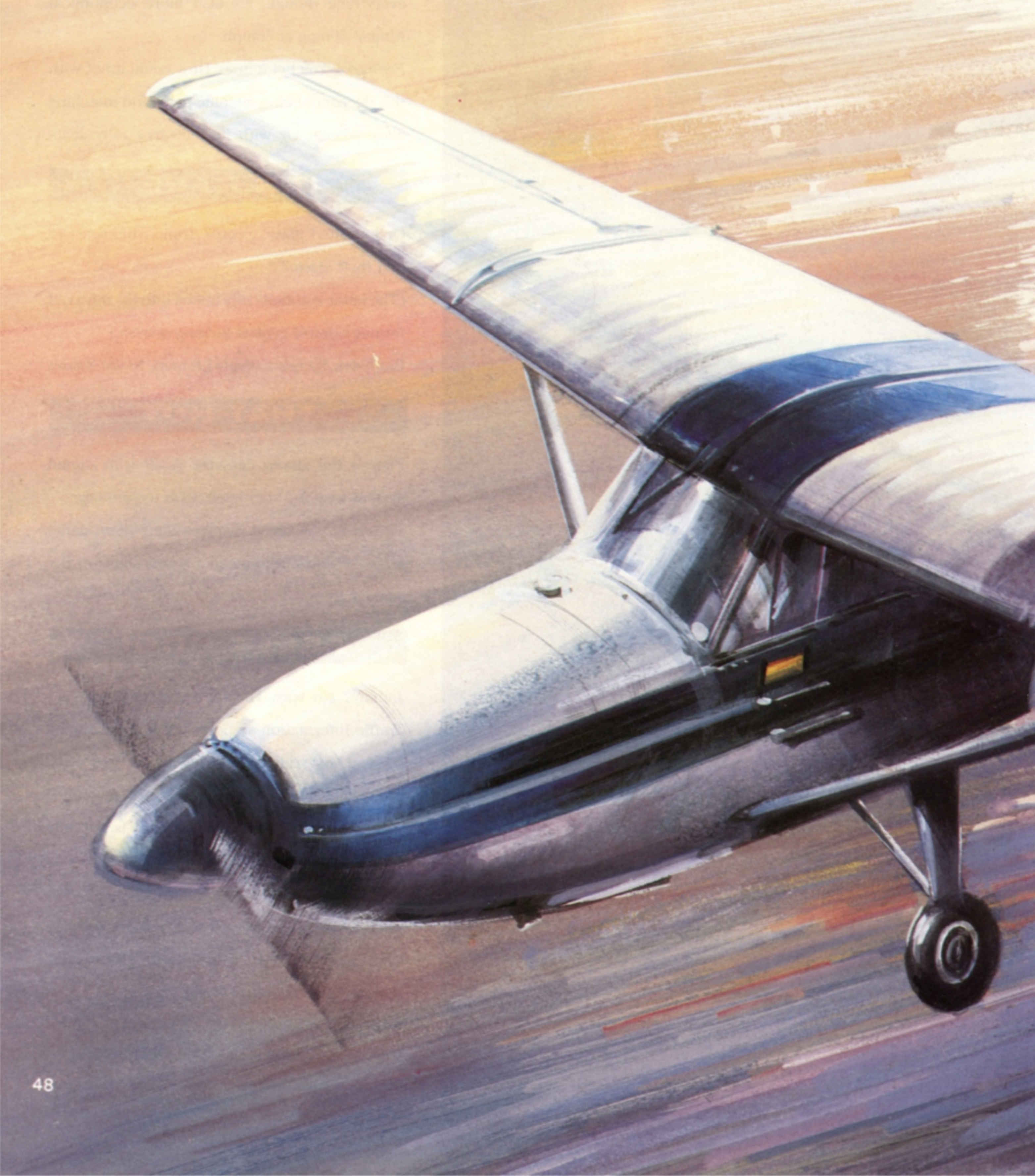
THE VALENTICH MYSTERY

by Andy Robertson



Did a young pilot really see a UFO the night he disappeared?

In October 1978, a young pilot, Frederick Valentich, took 200 dollars and flew off to nearby King Island to buy crayfish. Halfway there, he told Flight control of a strange aircraft buzzing him. He was never seen again

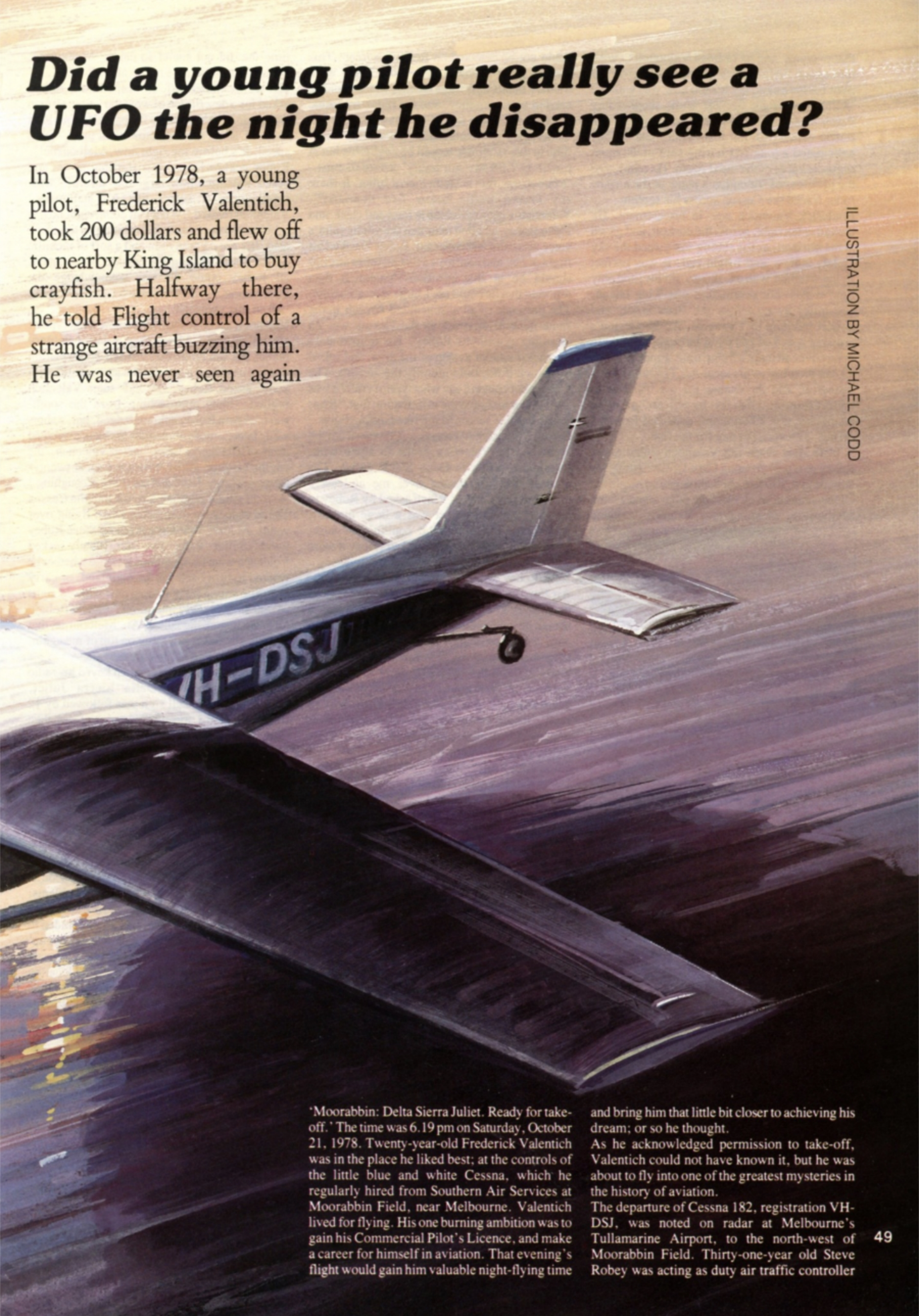


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

'Moorabbin: Delta Sierra Juliet. Ready for take-off.' The time was 6.19 pm on Saturday, October 21, 1978. Twenty-year-old Frederick Valentich was in the place he liked best; at the controls of the little blue and white Cessna, which he regularly hired from Southern Air Services at Moorabbin Field, near Melbourne. Valentich lived for flying. His one burning ambition was to gain his Commercial Pilot's Licence, and make a career for himself in aviation. That evening's flight would gain him valuable night-flying time and bring him that little bit closer to achieving his dream; or so he thought.

As he acknowledged permission to take-off, Valentich could not have known it, but he was about to fly into one of the greatest mysteries in the history of aviation.

The departure of Cessna 182, registration VH-DSJ, was noted on radar at Melbourne's Tullamarine Airport, to the north-west of Moorabbin Field. Thirty-one-year old Steve Robey was acting as duty air traffic controller that evening, and he radioed Valentich to wish him a good flight. Robey had been a commercial pilot for ten years, but his job now was with the Melbourne Flight Service Unit, shepherding flights in and out of the area. There wasn't much traffic scheduled for that night, and Robey anticipated a long and boring stint in the quiet semi-darkness of the radar room. He monitored the progress of Valentich's plane as the airport radar traced the Cessna across his screen.

Frederick Valentich was in his element. He looked to his right, across the cockpit, and gazed at the horizon, as the setting sun turned the sky violet, indigo, and bright red. It was perfect flying weather, with excellent visibility, and only light winds. His destination was King Island, 160-miles away across the Bass Strait, and almost halfway to Tasmania. At the Cessna's cruising speed of 140 mph, he ought to be there in just over an hour's flying time. Frederick was a keen member of his local Air Training Corps squadron, and the excuse for the trip was to collect some crayfish for the officers' mess. In his pocket was 200 dollars, collected from his officer colleagues to pay for the fish.

A little after seven pm Valentich called Steve Robey to report crossing Cape Otway, giving his altitude as 4,500 feet. At that range and height the Otway mountains blocked the radar signals from Melbourne, meaning that Valentich's plane could not be detected on Robey's screen. This was no great problem, however. There were military radars near Cape Otway, which could be used in an emergency, and the radar-free zone between the Cape and King Island was small. Under normal circumstances Valentich's flight-time in this radar gap would be negligible but at precisely 7.06 pm 'normality' ceased to exist.

'Melbourne, this is Delta Sierra Juliet. Is there any known traffic below five thousand?'. Valentich's message came in loud and clear, and Steve Robey recalled later that the young pilot's voice was calm and collected. Robey checked his flight plans, and confirmed that no other aircraft should be at that position. Valentich then reported that he could see a large aircraft below. The presence of an unscheduled aircraft in the same general airspace as the Cessna was an alarming puzzle to Robey. He immediately requested a radar sweep of the area, and asked Valentich if he could identify the aircraft. The young pilot couldn't say what type of craft he was seeing, but included the information that, 'It has four bright, it seems to me like landing lights.' Before Robey could receive a response from the radar check, Valentich broke in again with, 'Melbourne, this is Delta Sierra Juliet. The aircraft has just passed over me at least a thousand feet above.' When asked by Robey to confirm that the object was a large aircraft, Valentich replied that he couldn't be sure; it was going so fast. He than asked Robey if there were any Air Force jets in the area.

Steve Robey was totally baffled. Checks with the Air Force confirmed that they had no aircraft in the area, and he already know that no civil planes should be there either; so what could be out there with the Cessna and its youthful pilot? The situation allowed no time for debate; seconds later Valentich radioed, 'Melbourne it's approaching me now from due east.' Robey acknowledged, but really didn't know how to reply. 'It seems to me that he's playing some sort of game,' Valentich added seconds later. 'He's flying over me, two, three times, at speeds I could not identify.'

Under the circumstances, all Robey could do was monitor the situation, and try to keep calm. He received confirmation from Valentich that his altitude was still 4,500 feet, and that he could still not identify the craft that was buzzing him. Seconds later Valentich radioed again, and, this time, he did not sound so calm. 'Melbourne, Delta Sierra Juliet. It's not an aircraft. It's . . . .' His words trailed off. In desperation, Robey asked for a description of what the young airman was seeing. 'Ah — as it's flying past, it's a long shape. Cannot identify more than that — such speed. It's before me right now, Melbourne!' Robey acknowledged this startling news, and asked Valentich how large the 'aircraft' was. 'Melbourne, it seems like it's stationary,' Valentich replied. 'What I'm doing right now is orbiting and the thing is just orbiting on top of me also. It's got a green light and a sort of metallic — like it's all shiny on the outside.' Once again, all Robey could do was acknowledge the information, but then Valentich came back with, 'Ah, it just vanished.'

Valentich asked Robey if he knew what type of aircraft it was, and whether it was a military plane, but the controller needed confirmation that the craft had gone. 'Is the aircraft still with you?' asked Robey. Seconds later Valentich replied, 'Now approaching from the south-west.' Again Robey acknowledged, but, a short while later, a more immediate problem presented itself. 'Delta Sierra Juliet.' called Valentich, 'the engine is rough idling. I've got it set at twenty-three — twenty-four, and the thing is coughing.'

A small single-engined aircraft like the Cessna 182 is especially vulnerable when flying over water. At least, this was a problem Steve Robey was familiar with. He immediately asked Valentich what his intentions were (ie whether he wanted to turn back for the mainland, or carry on). The young pilot's voice now showed signs of real anxiety. 'My intentions,' he told Robey, 'are, ah, to go King Island. Ah, Melbourne, that strange aircraft is hovering on top of me again. It *is* hovering and it's *not* an aircraft.'

A few moments later, Valentich keyed his radio mike once more. 'Delta Sierra Juliet, Melbourne.' The call sign was followed by 12 seconds of weird, metallic, scraping noises, then five seconds of radio crackle as the switch remained open. Then silence. The time was 7.12 pm. Steve Robey broadcast the Cessna's call-sign over and over; but there was no reply. Six minutes later, the sun dipped below the horizon, drawing a mantle of darkness over Cape Otway, into which young Frederick Valentich and his aeroplane had vanished forever.

An SAR (Search and Rescue) alert had been instigated by Steve Robey at 7.12 pm, as soon as he learned of the Cessna's engine problems. When Valentich's aircraft failed to arrive at King Island, at around 7.30 pm, this was upgraded to a full emergency, and a search was begun. Another light aircraft retraced the Cessna's route, but there was little or no hope of locating anything in the darkness. A radio distress beacon was carried in Valentich's plane, but no signals were detected from it.

At his home in Avondale Heights, Melbourne, Guido Valentich began to worry about his son. Frederick had promised to return for a family gathering at ten pm, and it was out of character for the boy not to phone to say if he'd been delayed. The next morning, after a sleepless night, Guido learned the terrible truth when he phoned the authorities. By then, the news media had picked up on the story, and Guido received the first of many unwanted visits from press and TV reporters.

That Sunday morning also brought the first major air and sea search for the missing airman and his plane. It was spearheaded by an Orion maritime

Top: Frederick Valentich in the uniform of the Melbourne Air Training Corps, of which he was a keen member. He had studied UFOs since the age of 15, and on his last flight, in a Cessna 182 similar to that shown above, took a scrapbook of UFO press cuttings.

turn to page 66

The Valentich Mystery

continued from page 50

reconnaissance aircraft of the RAAF, backed up by civil aircraft and ships. A large oil-slick was spotted by the Orion 18 miles north of King Island, and a ship took samples. These were analysed by the Australian Defence Command, but the results showed that this was *not* aviation fuel, and most likely came from a ship. The search lasted four days, but despite combing the area between Cape Otway and King Island, no trace was found of the Cessna or its young pilot. On October 25 the search was called off.

Almost exactly one month later, on November 21, the pilot of a Cessna 337 belonging to Hawk Flying Service reported seeing the outline of an aircraft submerged beneath the sea. This was located near the last known position of Valentich's plane, some 48 miles north of King Island. The report was discounted by aviation authorities, however, because the sea, at that point, is too deep (180 feet) to see anything from the air. The 337 pilot himself lost sight of the 'wreckage' on his second pass, and nobody else could find it either.

The international media had meanwhile latched on to the story, and exploited the UFO angle for all they could. Predictably, their interest soon waned, leaving Guido Valentich alone with his anguish. Yet the sensational accounts of 'UFO kidnapping' provided Guido with the slender hope that his son might still be alive. In an interview in the *Melbourne Sun* of October 24, he expressed his belief that Frederick had been 'borrowed' by aliens, and was alive and well on some other planet.

The official report of the Australian Bureau of Air Safety Investigation was released in May 1982. Its findings were short, negative, and not very helpful. No conclusion could be reached as to the time and location of the 'accident', and, as Valentich's body was never found, he could only be 'presumed' dead. As to what precisely could have happened to him, the report was summed up by the remarkable understatement that, 'The reason for the disappearance of the aircraft has not been determined.'

This ambiguous verdict from officialdom left the door wide open to all kinds of speculation. Some thought that Valentich had accidentally flown his plane into the sea, whilst trying to stage a UFO hoax; others, that he'd commited suicide, or faked his own disappearance.

Some of the facts which emerged seemed to fit these theories. There is no doubt, for instance, that Frederick Valentich was keenly interested in UFOs. Guido Valentich confirmed this to investigators, and even confessed that his son once told him that he would love to have a close encounter with aliens. The young man had been studying UFO phenomena since the age of 15, and kept a scrapbook full of press cuttings on the subject. On the day that he disappeared, Frederick actually had the scrap-book with him. Another strange fact was the amount of fuel Valentich bought for his flight. According to Ken Williams of the Department of Aviation, there was enough fuel aboard the Cessna to fly to King Island and back several times over. There has never been a rational explanation for this, except to imply that Valentich intended all along to fake his death, then fly on to Tasmania.

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IFAKIS

The question that needs to be asked is, why would Frederick Valentich do such a thing? Did he plan to sell the story of his 'encounter' to the press to pay for more flying time — in which case, why didn't he return home to collect the money? Why would a young man who enjoyed life, fake his own death; and why choose such a bizarre way of doing it? More than anything else in the world, Valentich wanted to be a professional pilot. Would he then jeopardize his reputation by making a sensational UFO report? The suggestion was put to Guido Valentich that his son was so preoccupied with making his fake UFO report that he flew the Cessna straight into the sea. But, as Guido pointed out in a letter to British researcher Timothy Good, this could not be so. The VHF radio in Frederick's plane could not transmit clearly to Melbourne below 1,000 feet, due to the intervening mountains, yet his communications were loud and clear to the last moment. This was confirmed by the tape recording sent to Guido by the Department of Aviation, which suggests that the Cessna's altitude was at least 1,000 feet when communication was lost.

Perhaps the man best able to judge whether Valentich was faking or not was Steve Robey. Steve was the last person to have contact with the young flier, and was a widely experienced pilot himself. When asked for his opinion on the case by the *Melbourne Herald*, Robey had this to say about Valentich: 'Towards the end I think he was definitely concerned for his safety. I considered he would have to be a good actor to put it all together the way he did. It was a kind of rushed communication, as if he was startled.'

If a hoax seems unlikely, then what evidence is there that Valentich really did encounter an unknown craft out over the Bass Strait? According to Paul Norman, of the Victoria UFO Research Society, the Valentich incident coincided with a wave of UFO reports from the Bass Strait area. At two pm on the day Valentich disappeared, for example, a golf ball-shaped object was seen to emerge from a cloud over King Island, near a town called Currie. Later that evening at 6.45 pm (as Valentich's plane neared the area) a holidaymaker named Roy Manifold took a series of photos of the sunset. Manifold witnessed nothing unusual himself, but, when the film was developed, an object emerging from the sea and rising into the air appeared on two frames.

The film was examined by Kodak, who could find no processing emulsion faults that might have produced the images. Ground Saucer Watch, an American organization that specializes in computer enhancement techniques, subjected the photos to their battery of tests, and pronounced them genuine. However,

turn to page 74

The Valentich Mystery

continued from page 66

Dr Richard Haines, a NASA scientist and specialist in optics, also examined the photos, and claimed the objects on the film were added *after* exposure; in other words, they were fakes. Definitive proof could not be shown either way, and the photographs remain controversial.

Australian investigator Bill Chalker took a special interest in the Valentich case. He asked Mr GV Hughes, the Assistant Secretary of Air Safety Investigation, whether the UFO aspect had been examined officially. Hughes replied that investigation of UFO reports was the responsibility of the RAAF, *not* the Department of Aviation. In 1982 Chalker actually gained access to the RAAF UFO flies, held by the Directorate of Air Force Intelligence in Canberra. There was no file on the Valentich case. When he queried this, Chalker was told that the RAAF did not investigate the incident because it was an 'air accident' and therefore the responsibility of the Department of Aviation.

In November of 1982 Chalker was allowed to see all the UFO files held by the Department of Aviation in Melbourne — all, that is, except the Valentich file. He was denied access to this on the grounds that it was an Air Accident Investigation file, *not* a UFO file. For Bill Chalker it was back to square one.

Despite the official runaround, Chalker did manage to glean some information about other UFO reports from the Bass Strait area, in particular during World War Two. He claims that 17 aircraft disappeared there during the conflict, even though no enemy action was reported. Was Valentich just a modern victim of the Bass Strait curse?

In December 1982, film producer Ron Cameron was working on a documentary about the Valentich affair, when he was approached by two divers. The men claimed they had found Valentich's plane, resting on the seabed off Cape Otway, along with several others. Cameron was shown five photographs (from an alleged set of 16) which appeared to show a Cessna aircraft of the right type, colour, and with the correct registration letters. The plane was almost intact, but the divers claimed that Valentich's body was not inside when they found it. In exchange for the exact location of the wreck, plus the other photos, the divers wanted 10,000 dollars from Cameron; he refused the offer.

Could there have been any truth in the divers' story? The Department of Aviation didn't think so, and ruled out a salvage operation on the grounds that it would cause unwelcome publicity. Guido Valentich disagreed. The *Sydney Sun* of January 11, 1983 published an appeal from Guido for the divers to come forward voluntarily with any information they had. The divers, however were never heard from again, disappearing almost as completely as Frederick Valentich himself.

The year 1982 also saw the intervention of TV journalist Quentin Fogarty, and the American psychic Pat Gagliardo. Fogarty had himself been involved in a world famous UFO encounter barely two months after Valentich's disappearance. Flying in an Argosy cargo plane off the Kaikoura coast of New Zealand, Fogarty and his camera crew managed to capture several UFOs on film that were also being picked up on radar. The connection with the Valentich affair came when Fogarty was given some of Frederick's personal effects by Guido, so that Pat Gagliardo could examine them. Gagliardo was said to practise psychometry, a technique whereby she could gain psychic impressions of past events through touching objects associated with them. Her reactions to Valentich's effects were that Frederick was still alive. He had landed safely in Tasmania, according to Gagliardo, and then had camouflaged the Cessna to avoid detection.

Later, Gagliardo was to describe to Fogarty the place in northwest Tasmania, where she was sure the plane (and possibly Valentich) could be found. Fogarty flew out there, and, although he was impressed by the accuracy of Pat's descriptions of the area, he could find no trace of the Cessna or its pilot. None of the locals knew anything either.

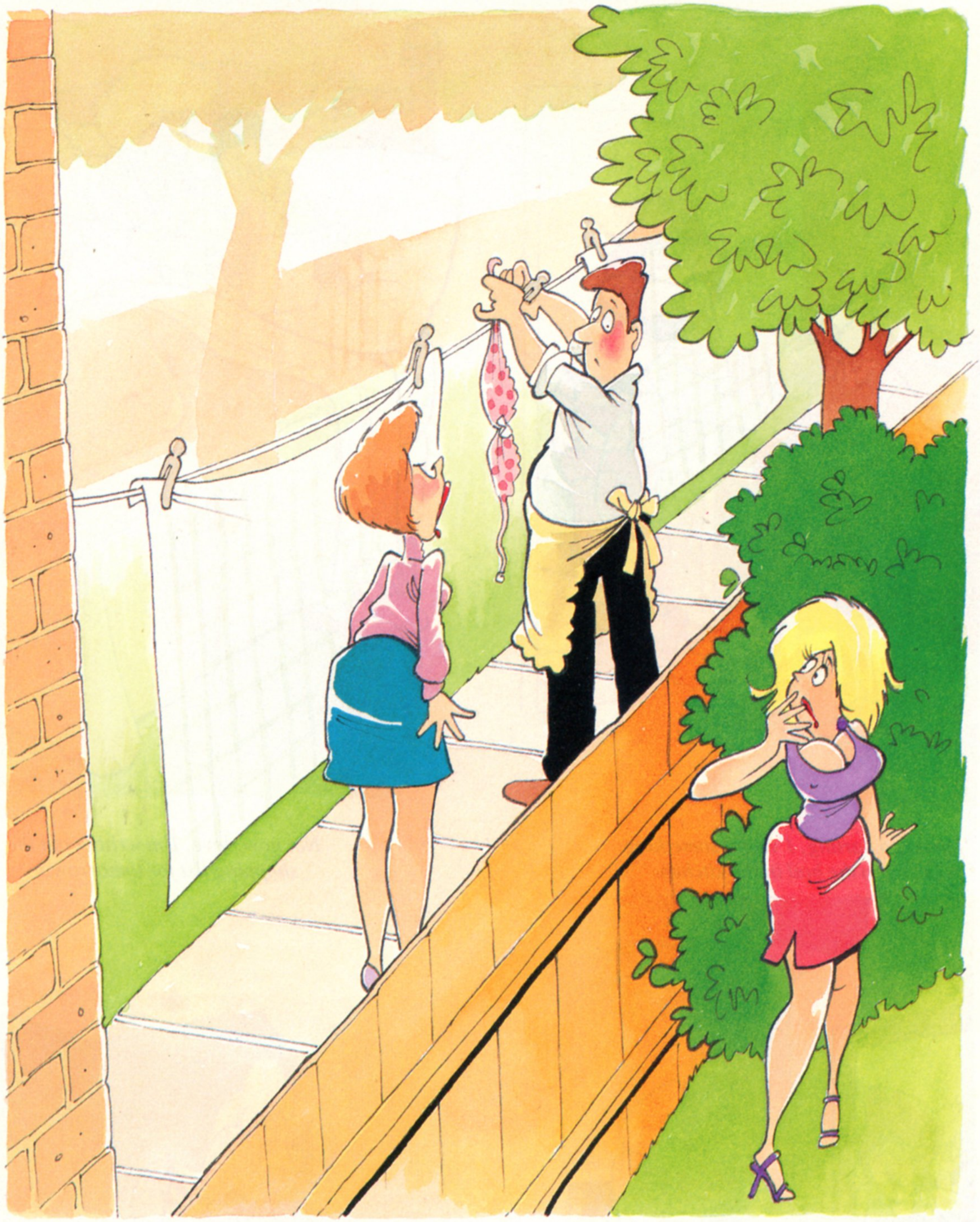
However strong Pat Gagliardo's 'impressions' might have been, were they really plausible? Although a good pilot, Valentich was still relatively inexperienced. He was flying on his very first night flight when he disappeared. How realistic, therefore, were his chances of a successful landing at a remote field in the pitch dark, with no runway lights?

Even if Valentich somehow managed to land safely, what did he do with the plane? How did he camouflage it so well that it has never been found to this day? Even if he set fire to it, he would still be left with large lumps of metal, and a considerable area of scorched earth, plus the likelihood of someone spotting the flames. Fogarty could find no evidence of this in his search of the alleged 'landing spot'.

There have been many theories as to what happened to Valentich. Dr Haines, the NASA scientist, suggested that the young man's plane might have been accidentally hit by a secret American laser weapon. The Americans *did* have a military research base at Pine Gap, near the Bass Strait, and the theory might help explain why the authorities are so evasive about the case. However, there is no hard evidence. There are doubts whether the Americans possessed anything like such technology in late 1978 (and even more doubt as to whether they would be testing it in a foreign country).

Bill Chalker keeps an open mind about the Haines theory. He has even considered the possibility that Valentich's plane might have been struck by a piece of re-entering space debris. The idea is no more fanciful than the concept of Valentich being kidnapped by aliens. The sad fact is that we will probably never know for sure what became of Frederick Valentich. Only one man knows the whole truth — and he took the secret with him into oblivion, that dark night over the Bass Strait.

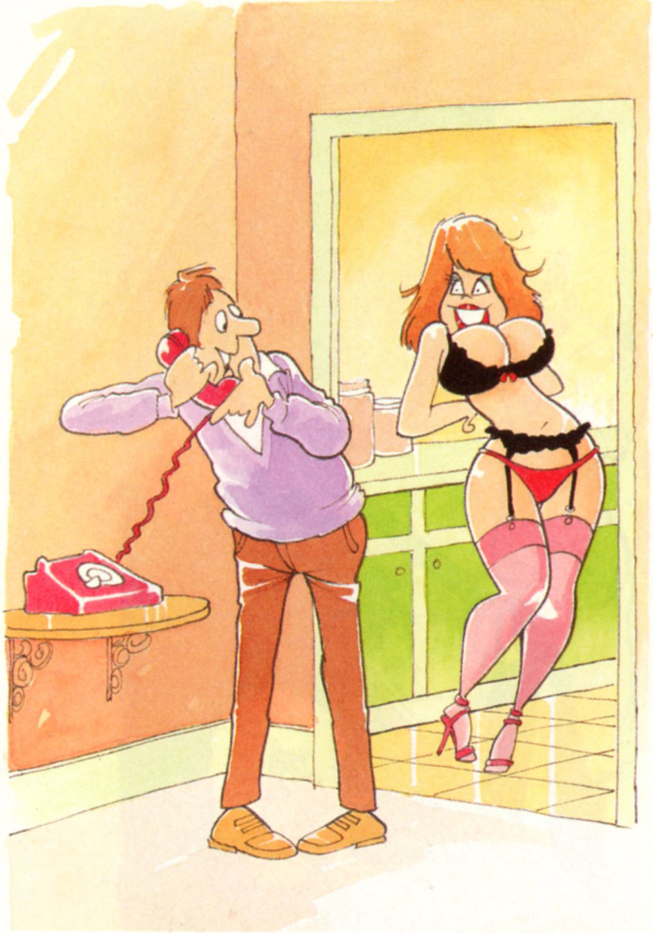
MILTON KEYNES
MORRIS MEN
Fertility Dance
No.1: Stamping
on the Pill



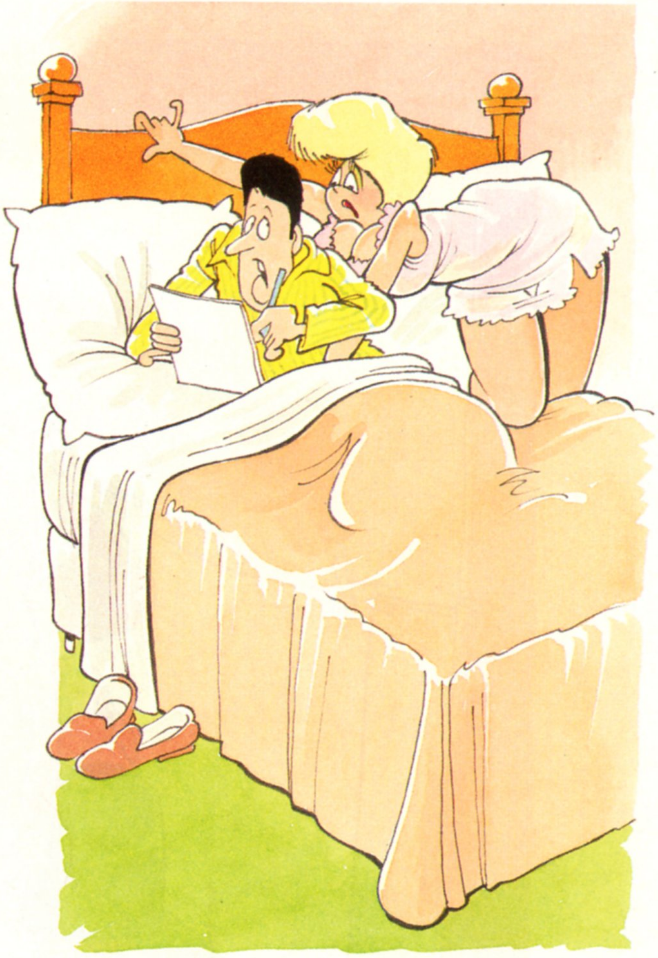
'Just a minute Jack . . . that's not my bra!'

Role over darling

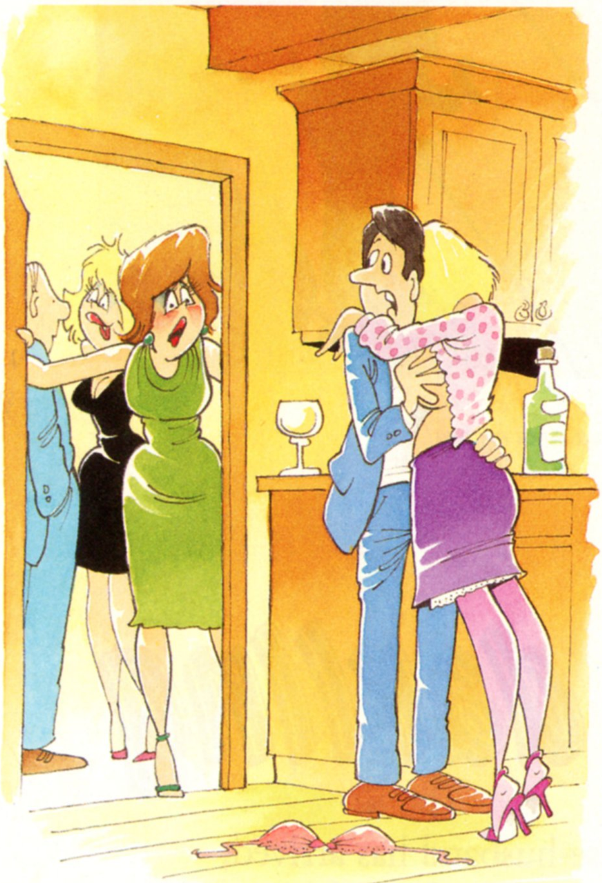
Now that the role of the house-husband has arrived, cartoonist Anthony suggests that while the wife's away it's even more likely that her man is at play



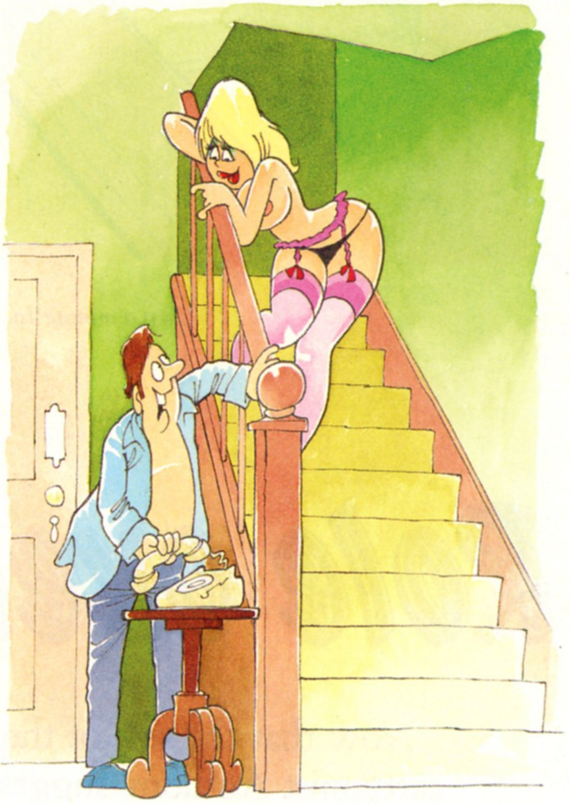
'I must go darling, I've got something coming to the boil in the kitchen.'



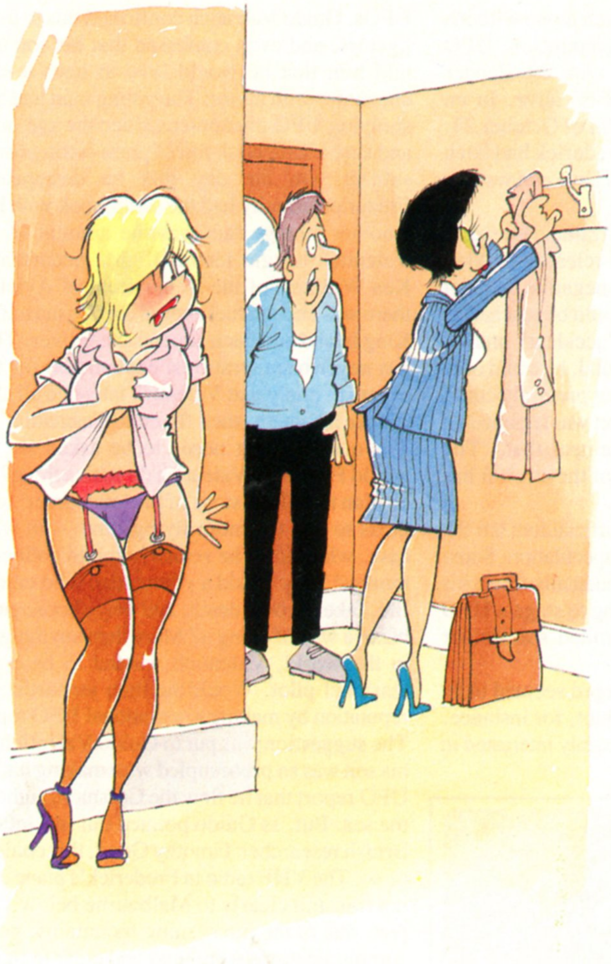
'Not now, love, I'm writing out the shopping list for tomorrow.'



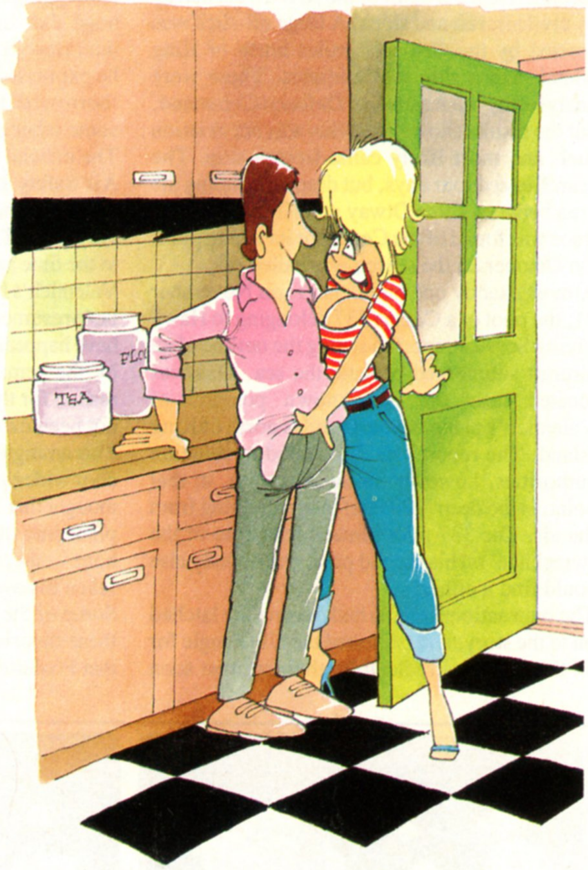
'But Felicity, you said it could help your career if I was nice to your boss!'



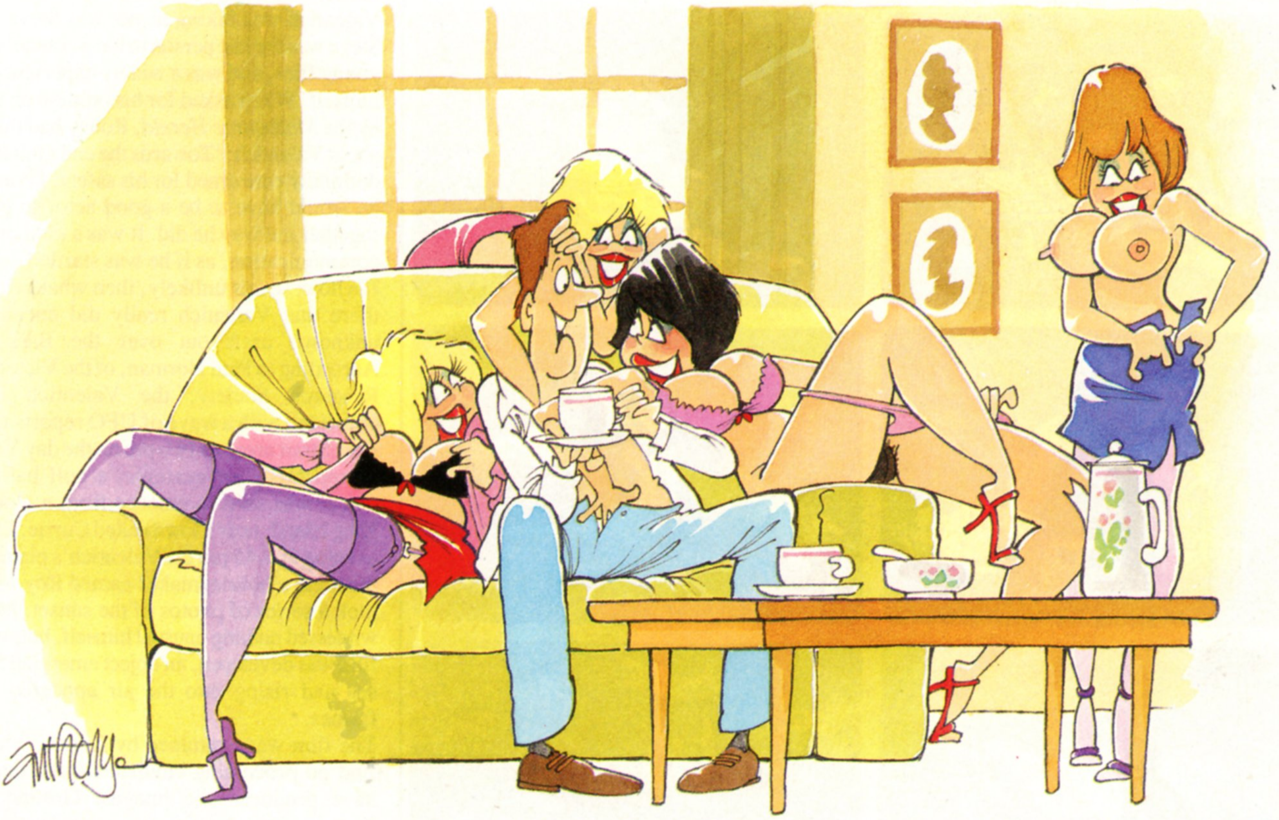
'Can you stay a bit longer? My wife has just phoned to say she'll be working late.'



'W-what do you mean, you've started working flexi-time?'



'I hope you won't get fed up with me constantly popping round to borrow things.'



'I must say, it's jolly nice of you to invite me to one of your coffee mornings.'

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Two whales were swimming in the Pacific when a whaling ship appeared on the horizon. 'They are the bastards that killed my parents,' said the first whale. 'Let's sink their ship.'
'How?' asked his mate.
'You and I will swim underneath the boat, and both exhale hard through our blow holes, and the force will overturn the ship.'
'Alright then, you're on,' said the second. So they swam under the ship, exhaled hard, and the ship keeled over throwing the whalers into the freezing ocean.
'And now,' said the vengeful leviathan, 'you and I are going to eat each of those bastards one by one.'
His accomplice looked at the crew thrashing around in the water.
'Oh no,' he said. 'I don't mind doing blow-jobs, but I'm not swallowing the seamen.'

A vengeful old vamp from Baroda
Built herself an erotic pagoda,
Then festooned the walls
Of the halls with the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her

George, an old style barber in Newcastle, had been out of work since his shop had been turned into a new unisex salon. Every day, he would go forlornly to his local job centre, and look at the boards for hairdressing jobs, but never found one. Then one morning he was approached by the assistant.
'George,' she said to him. 'A vacancy has come in for a barber in London. Would you be interested?'
'Wha-aye, I would, pet,' he replied. 'I don't mind travelling, me. What are the details, like?'
'Well, *Mayfair* magazine want somebody to trim the pubic hair of their models,' replied the clerk, a little embarrassed.
'Why, pet, that would suit me perfectly. I reckon I could give them all a short back and sides, nay trouble. I'll take it.'
'Okay,' said the counter assistant. 'Now if you go to the DSS they will help out with relocation expenses. For a start you'll need a train ticket to Carlisle . . .'
'But I thought you said that this job was in London?' said the baffled barber.
'Oh aye it is,' said the assistant. 'But the queue starts in Carlisle . . .'

Two elderly devils were busy flogging tax inspectors in the nether regions of hell when a snowball came whizzing out of the sky, and landed with a hiss in a blazing puddle. As the devils stared in surprise, the puddle froze over, leaving the snowball intact.
'Did you see that?' gasped one. 'What do you think's going on?'
'I can't be sure,' said the other, 'but I think it's a fair bet Halifax Town just got a crack at the Cup.'

Two rats were sulking in a sewer when one turned miserably to his friend.
'I'm totally fed up,' he said. 'Do you know what I had for breakfast? Shit! What did we have for lunch? Shit! And what will we be having for tea? More shit! Then it will be shit for supper, and when it comes to breakfast what will it be? Answers on a postcard, please! All we ever get is shit, shit, shit! I tell you, I've had enough!'
His colleague patted him consolingly.
'Cheer up,' he said. 'Remember we're out on the piss tomorrow night.'

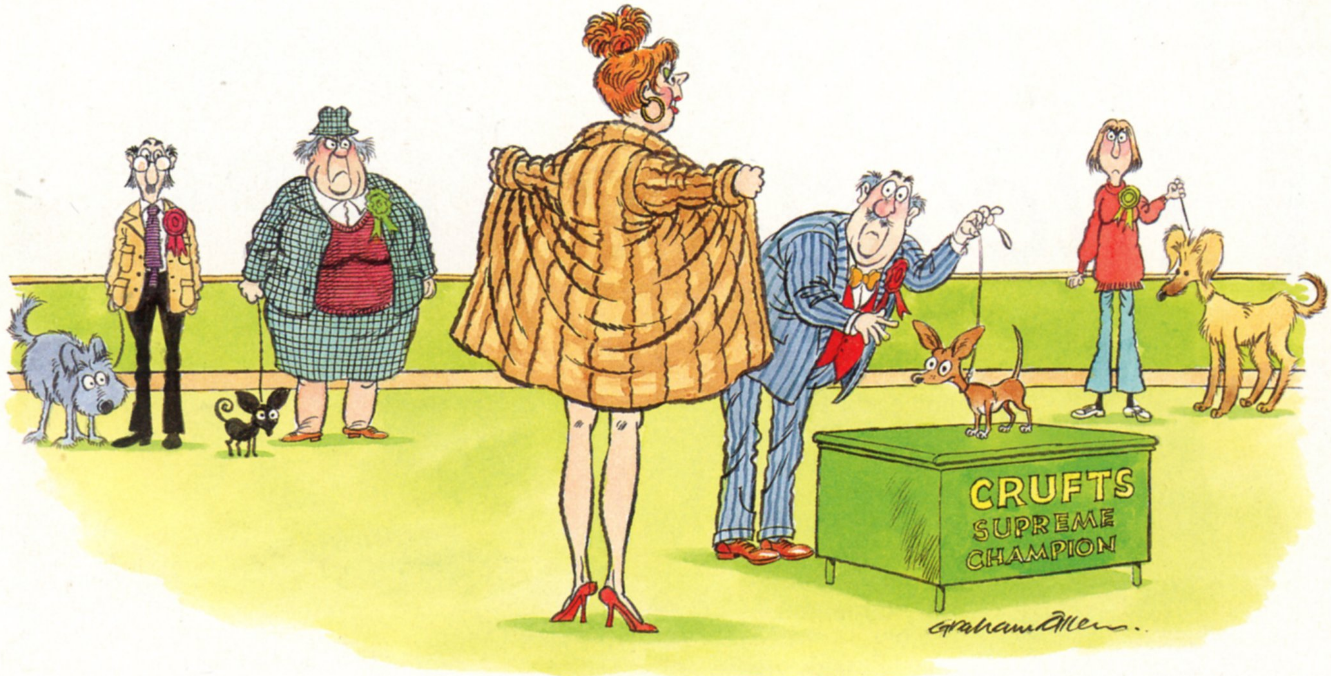
What's the difference between *soixante-neuf* and hang-gliding?
With a 69 the views are more spectacular.

An attractive young nurse was called away to a stockroom to check supplies by a good-looking houseman. When she returned to her ward, some while later, a fellow nurse quickly pulled her aside.
'Sally,' she hissed, 'your boob is hanging out of your uniform!'
The other girl glanced down and frowned. 'Those damn doctors,' she said, 'don't they ever put anything away?'

What's the similarity between *boeuf en croute* and a blow job?
You get neither of them at home.

Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN



Desperate women owners were said to offer male judges any inducement to see their pampered pooches win at Crufts

From the African football match which ended in a machine gun battle to the Aussie camel race where competitors ate the course markers, cheating is as old as sport itself

THIS SPORTING STRIFE

These days it's difficult to be both a gentleman and a player

Humour by Bill Lythgoe

Foul play and brawling on the field, battles among spectators, sex and drugs, all routinely make the news and are routinely — and rightly — condemned. Let there be no illusion though; cheating is as old as sport and is practised worldwide in every game you can think of and a few you probably haven't.

FOOTBALL

In 1582, Philip Stubbs wrote, 'Football causeth fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murder, homicide and great effusion of bloode, as daily experience teaches.'

So what's new?

Newspaper readers can be forgiven for believing that the problem is confined to England, but nothing could be further from the truth.

After the finals of the All-Malaysia Football Cup a few years ago, the manager of Malacca was unoriginal in laying the blame for his team's defeat on what he called some diabolical refereeing.

'Our players went down like ninepins before the opposing team.' he complained. 'Ten minutes after the kick-off the stadium authorities had run out of stretchers, and the younger brothers of the official bearers were already quite exhausted.

'Ambulances were summoned but even the most experienced paramedics refused to tread the field, and Mohammed Quala, our striker, had to be driven straight into intensive care by his own mother.' He went on to allege, 'All this time the cowardly match referee did nothing other than call on my lads — most of them bandaged, one in a wheelchair and two on crutches — to behave themselves or they would have to be sent off.'

In Sierra Leone, the East End Lions of Freetown played the Hawks of Banjul from the Gambia in a 'friendly'. Just before half-time, a dispute broke out on the touchline between the local police and an army unit. The dispute became a brawl and finally a machine-gun battle with the police in one goal and the army in the other, giving a whole new meaning to the phrase 'shots at goal'.

The Freetown *Daily Mail* commented laconically: 'Players of both teams had to abandon the half-time pep talk by their respective coaches as fist fighting degenerated into dangerous shooting. Half the 50,000 fans fled for their lives as security men toyed with terror weapons on the field of play. But the match itself was a thriller.'

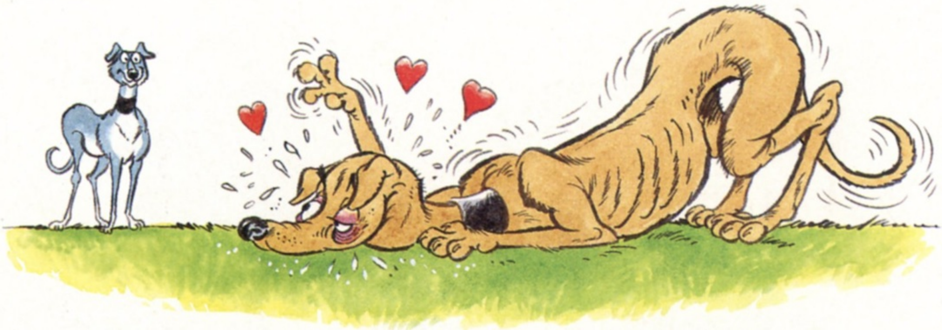
As long ago as 1983, the use of witchcraft was banned from the soccer pitches of Swaziland. Before this, each team used to have its witch doctor whose job it was to sprinkle *muti* (magic liquid) along the team's goal line in order to keep the ball out of the net. Mr Joe Mhleko, secretary of the Swazi National Football Association said. 'The sight of spectators and even players trying to remove their opponents' *muti* by urinating in each other's goalmouths was becoming very embarrassing.'

In spite of this — or perhaps because of it — the Swaziland home affairs minister, King Mtetwa, found it necessary to warn players before a match in Lesotho: 'A lot of beautiful girls may be made available to you before the game. Such traps are aimed at destabilising you. You are going to war and must be on the lookout for all kinds of weapons.'

BOXING

The powerful effect of sex on a boxer is well known. Trainer Harry Wiley recommended abstinence to get a boxer keyed up. He reminisced, 'They used to tease Liston, saying a beautiful woman was out there waiting for him, but if he didn't knock his opponent down by the third she wouldn't see him. Then they'd set a woman at the ringside, and at the end of the second round she'd get up and walk down the aisle, and they'd whisper to Liston, "Well, there you go. You lost your chance." He slaughtered Patterson in the first round in both fights.'

Muhammed Ali set great store on Wiley's advice and used to abstain from sex before a fight, believing that it weakened him. Wiley maintained that Sugar Ray Robinson did the same: 'When it came time for him to stop, his will-power was like iron. He could sleep next to Venus without touching her.'



Under the rules of Tasmanian greyhound racing, dogs are forbidden to have intercourse within 48 hours of competing. One Australian competitor was scratched when he was found performing in another dog's kennel

CANINE COMPETITIONS

The theory prevailing in greyhound-racing circles is somewhat different. Summer Wine, a famous Australian greyhound was scratched from a race in Tasmania for breaking the rules. His trainer explained, 'We decided on a unplanned workout, and went to fetch Summer Wine. There he was in Southern Star's kennel, and according to a reliable witness, had been performing for over an hour. The Tasmania rule book forbids dogs to have intercourse within 48 hours of a race. If Summer Wine had won, the runner up would have complained.'

It seems a far cry from the Tasmanian dog track to the genteel world of Crufts, but not so. In 1986 one of the judges was quoted as saying that he was offered 'sex bribes' by desperate women dog owners. 'Some women will do anything to see their dogs win. They offered themselves quite openly.' Although he later denied the remarks he was banned by the Kennel Club for five years for 'discrediting the canine world, and casting aspersions on the integrity of breeders and exhibitors.'

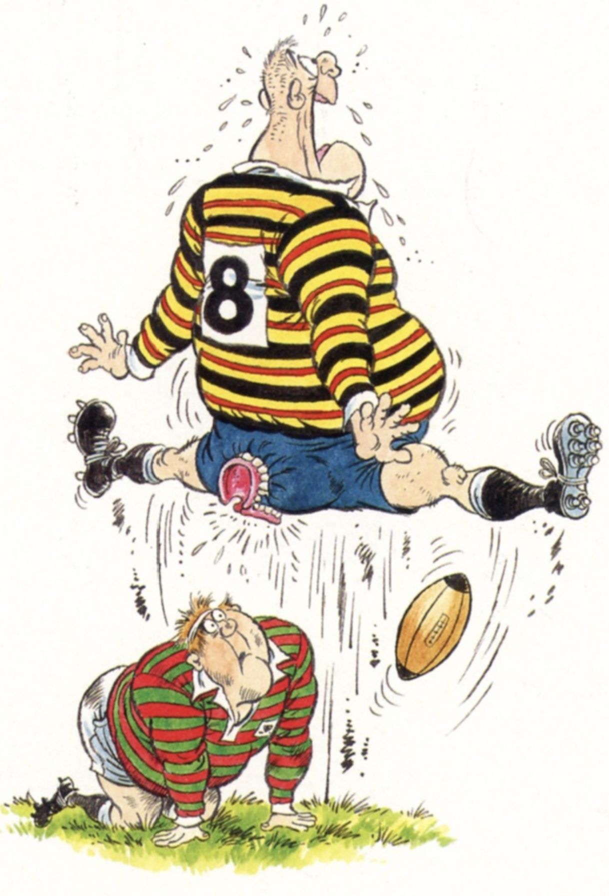
RUGBY

Cannabalism seems to be the chief problem in rugby circles. In 1986 a policeman bit off part of an opponent's ear during a Welsh inter-force match. The officer was found guilty of wounding with intent to cause him grievous bodily harm. A few months later a spectator at a Rugby Union match at Sheffield, who was foolish enough to run onto the pitch, had to be taken to hospital after being bitten by an 18-stone forward. 'He just sank his teeth into one of my fingers and wouldn't let go,' said Mr Mick Grocutt. 'If it hadn't been for the bone he would have bitten it off.'

Australian Rugby League International, Johnny Raper (sic) advanced an interesting explanation for the biting syndrome: 'If a finger gets in my mouth during a game there's only one reason — the bloke wants to rip my face. The quickest way to stop that is to close your teeth.'

Another Aussie forward, Arthur Clues, gleefully recalls the time when he was accused of biting an opponent. A newspaper report commented: 'When dog bites man, that isn't news; when man bites dog, that's news; when man bites man, that's Clues!'

It was during a Ruby Union game in Scotland that a unique event — sadly, unlisted in the Guinness Book of Records — occurred. To my knowledge it is the only instance, either during a sporting event or at any other time, of a man who actually bit his own arse. An eyewitness reported. 'Having, on the occasion of a Border League match, forgotten to remove his false teeth before coming onto the field of play, he had placed them in the hip pocket of his shorts for safe keeping, and was rendered *hors de combat* by the first tackle.'



A sporting first came during a Rugby Union game in Scotland — one unfortunate player managed to bite his own buttocks, after placing his false teeth for safekeeping in the hip pocket of his shorts

WHEELCHAIR GAME

The Iranian team was banned from the International Wheelchair Games at Stoke Mandeville for bringing politics into sport as well as cheating. It was alleged that they shouted political slogans and held aloft pictures of the Ayatollah Khomeni during the opening parade. And an official, Mr Geoff Dawson said, 'I saw them training and they were doing exercises that able-bodied sportsmen would have difficulty with. Then they saw me and suddenly started limping away to their wheelchairs.'

CAMEL RACING

The 1988 Great Australian Camel Race was marred by accusations of vandalism, brawling, camel-doping and sabotage. It was alleged that essential signs indicating the direction of the course had been deliberately destroyed by some contestants to confuse the opposition. This was denied by the accused who claimed that the signs had been eaten by

PUT LINDA LUSARDI BACK TOGETHER

What better way to combat executive stress than by doing a jigsaw — especially when the subject is as sensual as the lovely Linda Lusardi. You can piece together the ex-Page Three Girl of the Year in her soaked white shirt again and again to form a ravishing picture measuring over 11 x 8½ inches. Hand-cut and wooden-backed, our jigsaw recalls Linda's heyday, it's over 100 pieces of history! An ideal fun present, our Linda Lusardi jigsaw costs just £2.50 (inc p&p). Order yours before they run out.

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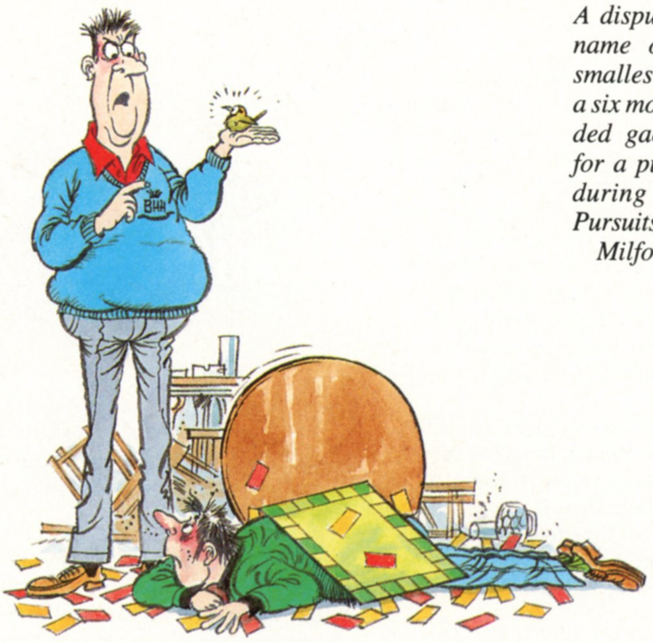


A dispute over the name of Britain's smallest bird led to a six month suspended gaol sentence for a pub landlord during a Trivial Pursuits' friendly in Milford Haven

camels who, bemused by the heat of the desert, had seen them as 'mirages of tasty snacks.'

CHESS

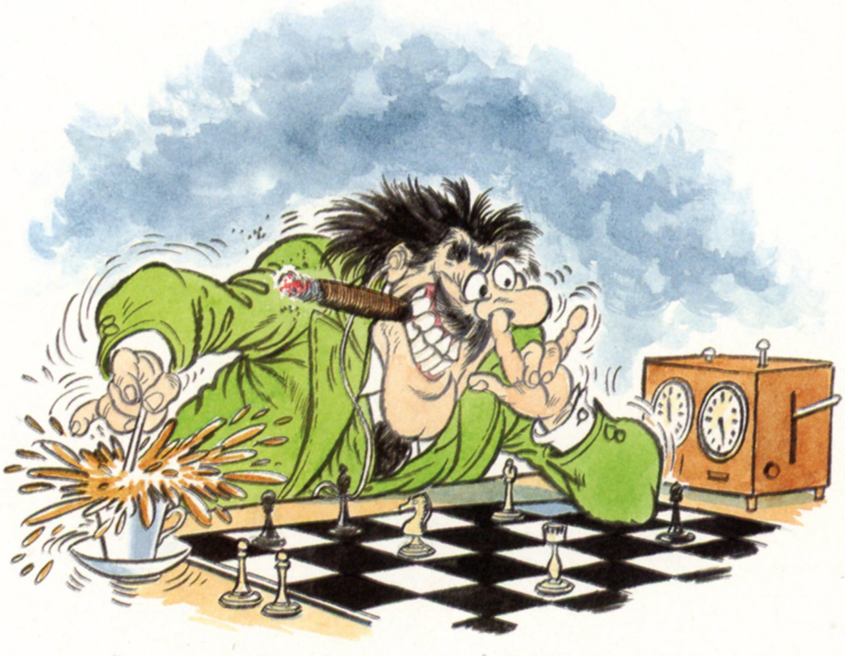
Chess is far from being a sedate game played by gentlemanly intellectuals unmarred by disputes and cheating.

In 1497, a Spanish priest, Lucena, wrote, 'If you play by day, place your opponent facing the light which gives you a great advantage. Also, try to play your adversary when he had just eaten and drunk freely.'

Sneezing, smoking obnoxious cigars, belching and elaborate and gruesome nose-picking have all been employed effectively to disconcert sensitive opponents. The late Tigran Petrosian, World Champion in the sixties, was an expert at this kind of thing. Brazilian champion, Henrique Mecking complained, 'All the time I was thinking he was kicking the table, and elbowing the board to make it shake. He kept making noises, stirring his cup of coffee and rolling a coin across the table.' Petrosian was impervious to any retaliation, which he dealt with by turning off his hearing aid.

TRIVIAL PURSUITS

During a 'friendly' trivial pursuits quiz at the Bunkers Hill Hotel in Milford Haven, the quizmaster asked. 'What is Britain's smallest bird?' When the answer, 'The wren', was allowed, the landlord, Mr Peter Philips, leapt up, overturning tables, and shouted, 'The real answer is a goldcrest.' After punching an opponent, Mr Gareth Roberts, he finished up in court and collected a six-month suspended sentence for assault causing actual bodily harm. A spokesman for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds said, 'Although it is not related to the family, the goldcrest is often referred to as a wren.'



Sneezing, smoking obnoxious cigars, belching and elaborate and gruesome nosepicking were all employed by former world champion chess player Tigran Petrosian to distract opponents. When they tried to retaliate he turned his hearing aid off

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

In fiction seduction is often a simple process. The reality is usually more uncertain. In this month's Quest we examine three attempted seductions, the outcome of which proved totally unexpected, and a good deal more erotic than the seducers had first anticipated

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 23 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Basildon
Other details. . . . This blonde interviewee works as a PA in a firm of importers. She shares a flat with three girls.

Quest: Why do you believe you're no good at seducing men?

PA: Well, look at me for a start!

Quest: You've an attractive face, a trim figure — excellent legs —

PA: Thanks. But I think to have men drooling after you — at least, the men you *want* to drool — you've got to be either stunning, or have so much self-confidence it doesn't matter. I'm quite confident normally, but not with men.

Quest: Why not?

PA: I think the fact that I've never actually got off with anyone I've been crazy about — or thought I was — has something to do with it. The only person I've ever seduced I did by accident!

Quest: How did you manage that?

PA: It was at a party, when I was 20. I was very smitten with the brother of a friend of mine. He was 24, extremely good-looking, and — I realise now — totally unsuitable for me. He was the perfect slam-bang type: sports car, gold medallion, always zapping off to some new club. I'd have been bored out my mind in a week, but, at 18, you don't know that. The party was at some friends of his. I only wangled an invite because he was going. I put on what, for me, was quite a daring dress — fairly short, with quite a deep cleavage — convinced that he'd notice. First he didn't turn up till late. Then he arrived with this absolutely gorgeous girl. A real bimbo, but so lovely. You could see the men's jaws dropping, and you couldn't blame them. I'd had to have been stark naked for him to notice me beside her — and even then he'd probably miss me! *Then* he announced they'd only popped in on their way to some new night spot in Southend. He'd gone in half and hour, and barely nodded to me.

Quest: Had you gone on your own?

PA: I was with a boy I'd known from school. Pete and I were part of the same group of friends. He was just an ordinary bloke I got on quite well with — average to look at, average fun. We'd been out dozens of times in a crowd, but that was the first time on our own together. I didn't really see him as a date — I'd had to ask him to take me! I didn't even think he fancied me. But, of course, when this other fellow went, I was so fed up. I had an awful lot to drink. Normally I don't at all. I ended up passing out. When I woke up, I was wrapped up in a blanket in the living room. The lights were out; there were sleeping bodies all over the place. Pete was next to me. I felt awful about it. The party was right out in the wilds; we'd had a lift there. Of course, our ride had gone ages ago, but Pete had stayed with me — which was really nice of him. I was frozen — we were right up against some draughty french windows. Pete said he'd noticed a little room by the loo upstairs, so we crept up there. People had just dumped coats on a single bed. We pulled them off, and curled up under a duvet.

Quest: Did you undress?

PA: I took off my tights and my dress; I didn't want it to get even more crumpled. I kept my knickers and bra on. Pete was in his underpants.

Quest: Did you regard it as a sexual situation?

PA: I'd have been happier if I was wearing a slip, but we were both really tired. I was just grateful to have a warm body next to me! He cuddled into my back, and put his arm round my waist. I went to sleep. I wasn't aware of feeling particularly turned on, but I must have been.

Quest: Why?

PA: I had the most incredibly erotic dream. All I remember is being licked and stroked all over and not having any clothes on. I couldn't see any faces, but I was sure one of them was my friend's brother. Then I woke up, and it was true!

Quest: You *were* naked, being licked and stroked?

PA: Not quite naked — and it wasn't my friend's brother. But I was practically spilling out of my bra, my knickers were all twisted, and I was really hot and bothered. Then I realised Pete was moving against me, with this enormously hot, hard *thing* pressing against my leg.

Quest: Were you alarmed?

PA: I just didn't know what was going on. I think I assumed he'd just started to feel randy, because we were so close together. In fact, I asked, 'Are you taking advantage of me?' He seemed quite put out. 'I'm not made of stone.' he said. 'You started wriggling up against me.' Of course, I snapped, '*I* did?' Then I realised how tight my knickers were pulled up, as if I'd been sawing them between my legs. I was just so glad it was dark. I went absolutely scarlet.

Quest: Why?

PA: It had happened to me a couple of times before — with pyjama bottoms and nightie knickers — when I'd had naughty dreams. I was so embarrassed. I couldn't say anything. Then I knew I couldn't just leave it, so I apologised, and said I'd had a bad dream. 'Seemed like a pretty good one to me,' Pete said, which I thought was quite funny. I told him I hadn't meant to get him steamed up. It was really unfair of me. Then I said, 'It's not as if you particularly fancy me, anyway.' I don't know why I said that. Then he said, 'What makes you think that? I've always fancied you. But you never seemed interested.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

PA: I said, 'Oh!' I didn't know what to say.

Quest: You didn't find him attractive?

PA: I hadn't thought about it. I know that sounds silly. But you look at lots of blokes, and think, 'He's quite nice,' but, unless they do something special, they don't set your pulse racing. Then Pete said, 'Sorry about that.' I told him not to be silly; he didn't have to be sorry because he liked me. Then I felt his lips touch my cheek. Quite gently. He wasn't forcing himself on me. So I turned my head. I felt him pull back. Then he pecked me on the lips.

Quest: You wanted him to do that?

PA: I didn't want him to feel I was rejecting him. I liked him, as a friend. Then we started kissing properly.

Quest: You responded to him sexually?

PA: I did still feel quite naughty, and he was obviously fairly stiff. I did wonder if I could pretend it was my friend's brother touching me, but that was literally only for a minute. Then Pete put his arms round me, and started stroking me, and I found myself really liking it.

Quest: How did he stroke you?

PA: I was half out my bra, anyway. He put his hand over my boobs, then started licking and kissing my nipples. It was lovely. He was very gentle.

Quest: How sexually experienced were you then?

PA: I'd had sex with a boy I'd been engaged to, but that had finished seven or eight months ago. I still had my coil.

Quest: Go on.

PA: We went on kissing and stroking each other. Then Pete started stroking me below my waist — down my tummy, and my bottom, along my thighs, and eventually between them.

Quest: You still had your knickers on?

PA: Oh yes. But he was rubbing me through them.

Quest: You enjoyed that?

PA: Oh yes! It started to get a bit uncomfortable, because they were so twisted up. Then Pete slid his hand down the back onto my bottom, and began to ease my pants down. After a couple of inches I stopped him.

Quest: You didn't want to have intercourse?

PA: I didn't want him to think I did it with anybody, just because I happened to have a naughty dream when they were lying next to me. I said, 'Are you sure you really want to do this?' He said, 'Don't you want to?' I said, 'It depends how much *you* want to.' He laughed. 'I think I'll explode if we don't!' So I said, 'Well, I don't want to be responsible for you blowing up.' I reached down, and tugged at my knickers; he tugged, too, and we both pulled them off. He half sat up, and I helped get his pants off. Then he lay down again. There was that gorgeous feeling when you first feel someone's bare skin against yours, and you know there's absolutely nothing to stop you making love together.

Quest: How soon did you have intercourse?

PA: Quite quickly. I don't think either of us wanted to wait. It was lovely just stroking each other in the dark, but Pete felt very hard — I didn't want him to have an accident. I opened my legs, and let him slide between them. He started fumbling around my pussy. I said, 'Shall I help you?' I reached down, took hold of him, and fitted his tip between my lips. Then he slid into me, and we did it.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

PA: I love that incredible feeling of intimacy when someone's inside you; you just can't feel any closer. We weren't wildly energetic. I think Pete was too excited. He moved a bit, then gasped, and I felt his *thing* jerking. I just held him until he'd finished. Physically it was better the second time.

Quest: When was this?

PA: We dozed off in each other's arms — in fact Pete was still inside me. Then we woke again, and he'd slipped out, but I could feel he was stiff again. I was teasing him that he was insatiable. He got on me again, and this time he went on for quite a while. That was gorgeous. I really felt as if I'd been 'done' beautifully.

Quest: Did you see him again?

PA: We went out for nearly two years.

PA: Have you seduced anyone since?

PA: Not even accidentally, no! But I'm keeping my options open.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 28 years
Town of Origin. . . .
St Albans
Other details. . . . This interviewee has an arts degree and worked in industry before joining a PR agency. He owns a house with his girlfriend.

Quest: Do you believe there's such a thing as a surefire method of seduction?

PR Consultant: I think it'd be boring if there was. What I enjoy about seduction is that it's always unpredictable. You never know you're going to succeed until you've actually got the girl's knickers off. Not even then, sometimes.

Quest: You sound like a seasoned campaigner.

PR Consultant: I'm fairly easily tempted. I'm not saying I succeed all that often. I just happen to enjoy flirting. My girlfriend accuses me of being immature, which I'm sure is true.

Quest: When was your last successful seduction?

PR Consultant: Last November — a trade show in the Midlands. That was a complete surprise.

Quest: In what way?

PR Consultant: I just got all the signals wrong. We were doing a stand for an electronics firm. Just down the aisle from us was a software company, with two women on the stand. The one I first noticed was gorgeous — exactly my type.

Slim, petite, long dark hair, a gorgeous face, fantastic legs; What I call the Italian model type, sort of sleek and sensual, but not in an obvious way. Her name was Jenny; and I thought, 'That's my goal for the week.' Trade shows are a happy hunting ground, especially when they're held in hotels — like this was. A lot of the exhibitors are staying there, and there's a lot of spare time in the evenings.

Quest: How did you get on with Jenny?

PR Consultant: We met both girls for a drink the first evening. I was with a colleague, who'd just married, so that was a bit inhibiting. Mandy did most of the talking; she was quite lively. Jenny wasn't unfriendly, but very quiet. If she'd shown no interest, I'd have left it. But I didn't get that impression. It was all I could do, though, to get her to agree to lunch the next day. The show only lasted four days; that meant three nights, and one was wasted already. Then, as they said goodnight, Mandy said to me quietly, 'Take it easy with Jenny, won't you? She's had a rough time recently.'

Quest: Meaning what?

PR Consultant: She didn't say. Anyway, over lunch, it turned out she'd been separated from her husband for six months, just agreed to a divorce, and wasn't interested in a new relationship.

Quest: Were you disappointed?

PR Consultant: Oh no. If she'd been married the body would have got used to regular sex. After six months without, she was bound to be missing it. Physically, she'd be very vulnerable. When I asked her out for dinner, she said, 'I don't want you to take me out under false pretences.' I said, 'Fine, I'm happy to be friends.' What I didn't expect was Mandy buttonholing me halfway through the afternoon.

Quest: Why?

PR Consultant: It sounded like a threat. Jenny was her friend — feeling very vulnerable at the moment — the last thing she needed was randy buggers like me taking advantage. It was unbelievable, and a bloody cheek.

Quest: Did you respond?

PR Consultant: No. If Jenny wasn't interested she could tell me herself. And, after a candlelit supper in an expensive restaurant round the corner, a bottle of good wine and a couple of brandies, she seemed very happy to me. Of course, I got a lot about her husband. 'The last time I had dinner like this, I thought I was happily married' — and so on. She wasn't pissed, but she was reasonably high, leaning on my arm as we walked back to the hotel. I took her back to her room; she invited me in for a coffee. She was in an armchair. I sat on the bed. After one cup of instant coffee from the coffee-maker, she got up to take the cup off me. I stood up, so we were face to face, and we just kissed.

Quest: She responded?

PR Consultant: Not instantly; in fact, she felt quite tense, but she didn't pull away. Then, as we went on kissing, her mouth softened, I got my tongue between her lips, and it really was like a dam breaking. When we came up for air, she said, 'You wouldnt believe how long it is since I last did this.' We kissed again. This time she said, 'You don't know what it's like having no one beside you at night; even if you hate them you miss that so much.' I thought, 'Bingo!' After we sank onto the bed. She just closed her eyes and purred as I kissed and stroked her. I unbuttoned her blouse, eased her onto her side to get at her bra catch, slid the cups off. She had lovely boobs — small and neat with little, pink nipples. As I licked them, she gave a great shiver, and started gasping. Meanwhile I was easing up her skirt. I honestly thought we were heading straight for the big moment. I'd even started to unzip myself. Then I ran my hand up the inside of her thigh, onto the front of her knickers — she was wearing support stockings, thank goodness. The material was wet; I could feel the heat of her pussy through it. And then all hell broke loose.

Quest: How?

PR Consultant: She jerked upright, blinking at me as if she didn't know who I was. 'What are you doing?' she snapped. 'What are you *doing*!' Then she looked down, saw how unzipped I was, and flipped. 'Don't touch me! Don't *touch* me!' She literally screamed. On top of that, someone started hammering at the door. I could see myself carried off in handcuffs. I opened the door, and Mandy steamed in. I tried to explain; she just snapped at me to get out, and started comforting Jenny. So I left. There was no one else, thank God, in the corridor. Then I saw the door opposite was open. I noticed some products from Jenny's company inside, along with make-up — it was obviously Mandy's room. I thought I ought to see what had happened, so I went in, and waited.

> **'She moaned, then leaned against me, and asked, 'Why don't you do something useful and have me?''**

Quest: When did Mandy return?

PR Consultant: Half an hour or so. I'd actually helped myself to her drinks fridge. She snapped, 'You've got a bloody cheek, haven't you?' Obviously very angry, but she didn't throw me out, just stomped around while I sat on the bed. Apparently Jenny's marriage had broken up, because she'd got pregnant, which hubby hadn't wanted. She'd refused to get rid of the baby, then lost it, anyway. Now she was desperate to get pregnant again, but sex was a dirty word. I was sorry I'd upset her, but I wasn't clairvoyant, and I resented Mandy's attitude. Bascially we were just bawling at each other. On top of that, she told me to get her a drink, then disappeared into the bathroom! The next thing I heard was the shower. We were still arguing through the door. She wanted her drink. I told her it was waiting for her. She said the least I could do was bring it in. Her cheek was unbelievable.

Quest: But you went?

PR Consultant: She was in the shower. I could only see a vague outline through the curtain. I put the drink down. Meanwhile she was telling me I was like most men, thinking with my gonads instead of my brain. Then she snapped off the shower, and asked me for a towel!

Quest: Did you do what she wanted?

PR Consultant: If someone had that much gall, you do. I don't know why. I just snatched a towel off the rail, held it out, and turned my back as she pulled the curtain. What I didn't realise of course, was that, by looking away, I was staring into the mirror, which ran along the opposite wall. It was pretty steamed up, but I got a fairly good impression of her.

Quest: Which was?

PR Consultant: Enormous boobs, firm too, with big, thick nipples. She wasn't slim, but she had a very nice shape. Then she caught my eye. I glanced away, and she took the towel. When I turned round, it was wrapped round her, tucked over her boobs. I told her, if she'd finished bossing me around, I'd like to go to bed. She picked up her drink. 'You really don't have to upset mixed-up little girls like Jenny,' she said. 'There are plenty of women only too eager.' I thanked her for her advice, went to go, and saw she was grinning at me, which was the first smile she'd given me all evening. Then she bent to put down her drink. Her boobs nearly spilled out. 'My God,' she said, 'for a fast worker, you really can't take a hint, can you?'

Quest: She was making a pass at you?

PR Consultant: It's a situation you fantasise about endlessly, but, when it actually happens — especially after that evening — my mind went blank. 'I *have* surprised you, haven't I?' She said, and moved closer. 'Are you going to take this towel off, or do I have to do it myself?'

Quest: Presumably you helped her?

PR Consultant: Yes. She was lovely — not in the slim, very feminine way Jenny had been, but very lush and womanly, the sort of body you could lose yourself in.

Quest: Did you?

PR Consultant: I just reached up and fondled her breasts. They were beautifully heavy. Then I squeezed her nipples. She just looked at me, breathing very steadily. Then I slid my hand down her stomach and between her legs. Her thighs were quite meaty, with a great mass of gingery pubes. I pushed my fingers through the curls, and fingered her lips. She was very moist, and loose. Her clit felt enormous. She moaned, and shut her eyes, and leaned against me. Then, as I went on stroking her, she whispered, 'When you've finished being a dirty boy, why don't you do something useful and stuff me?' We did it on the bathroom floor. In fact, I went down on her first — mainly to show her I didn't obey every order, but also, after my false start with Jenny, I'd have lasted about five seconds once I was actually up her. I did have the satisfaction of her begging me to put it in, but, when she came, she nearly suffocated me between those thighs. After that, I stripped off, and slipped into her. I didn't actually last that long, but, by then, she didn't

QUEST

seem to mind. Then we got into the shower, and had a repeat session afterwards; then again first thing in the morning. The night after was pretty much the same.

Quest: Did you see her again?

PR Consultant: No. I can only take so much of being eaten alive — nice though it is at the time. I had a horrible feeling I'd start to enjoy being insulted into bed.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld

Sex. . . . . Female

Age. . . . 35 years

Town of Origin. . . .
Manchester

Other details. . . . This attractive brunette interviewee married at 21 and divorced eight years later. She works as office manager in a firm of solicitors.

Quest: Do you find seduction easy?

Manager: That depends. I could seduce my ex-husband fairly easily, even towards the end. Drop a shoulder strap, I'd have his attention. There was nothing wrong with his libido, just his personality. Since then, it's been hit-and-miss.

Quest: In what way?

Manager: When I was first divorced I hadn't dated for almost ten years. It was very difficult. Either I'd go over the top, and have some fellow I just wanted to be friendly with crawling all over me; or I'd go the other way, and convince some dreamboat I wasn't interested.

Quest: Which category did Geoffrey fall into?

Manager: Neither, mainly because he was one of my bosses. He seduced me, if anything.

Quest: How?

Manager: He was the youngest senior partner — in his late thirties, nice-looking, fairly quiet — married. There'd been some talk about him and a secretary, a girl in her twenties, who'd left. But offices are full of rumours like that. I only got to know him properly after I was separated. His speciality was divorce. He spent a lot of time explaining it all to me. I thought he was just being nice!

Quest: He wasn't?

Manager: He started saying it was awkward talking in the office, because the other partners might think he was neglecting his other work, and he didn't feel he could charge me. So we used to meet in a wine bar. That turned into dinner. By then he was telling me his wife had had an affair — which was true. He didn't tell me it had only started after she'd got fed up with *him* playing around! Now he spent every day at work sorting out other people's lives, and couldn't do a thing about his own. Just after that he offered to lend me a book I might find useful, but he forgot to bring it into the office, then insisted he could drop it off at my flat that evening. His wife was away. So I offered to make him dinner.

Quest: Were you aware of sexual possibilities?

Manager: I did wonder if he fancied me, but, to be frank, I didn't want to think of that. I just thought we were two lonely people, who could cheer each other up, which I know is naive.

Quest: What happened?

Manager: We had a lovely meal. He helped me wash up. As we put the dishes away, he kissed me. I didn't want anything to happen. But I hadn't had sex for over 18 months. I really missed it. Geoff was the first decent man to offer me that sort of comfort, so I took it. We went into the bedroom, undressed, slipped under the sheets, and did it.

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Manager: Geoff was quite good at sex, actually. I'm sure I wouldn't have got so involved with him if he hadn't been. My ex and I hadn't been that adventurous — just varying the position; doing it doggy fashion, or with me on top. We'd never gone down on each other. I was always afraid he'd do it in my mouth; he seemed put off by my juices.

Quest: Geoffrey was different?

Manager: We did the usual way first time. It was good, but I didn't come. I suppose my appetite was whetted. After half an hour or so I fancied doing it again — perhaps I was just being greedy. I tried to encourage him, but he was only half stiff. Then he dived under the sheet, made me open my legs, and put his face in my crotch.

Quest: Did you like that?

Manager: My first thought was, 'How can he do that when he's just let go in me?' Then he started to lick me, and I didn't care any more!

Quest: Did you come?

Manager: I had an absolutely shattering climax, the sort — if I'm really frank — I'd only given myself before. I never realised a fellow could do that to me. After that I was hooked. We used to have sex at least once a week, always at my flat. That went on for over three years. I was convinced he'd leave his wife, but he never did. I gave so many ultimatums it got ridiculous. In the end I decided to have it out publicly.

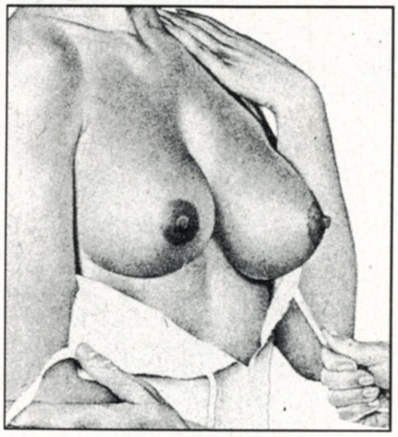
Quest: When was this?

Manager: At the firm's annual do. A buffet dinner and dance. Geoff's wife would be there, which is why I wasn't going to go. Then I thought, 'Stuff her — it's time she found out.' So I dressed to kill: black, taffeta dress with plenty of cleavage, stockings and suspenders, everything I knew he liked.

Quest: Did it work?

Manager: No! He tried to cut me off. When I talked to his wife, he pulled her away. She guessed what it was all about, and started an argument. It suddenly dawned on me he was putting her through exactly the same hoops as me. It was awful. What was worse, everyone had seen. I just wanted to rush off and die. In fact, I just went into a side corridor, and cried. Someone came after me, but it wasn't Geoff. It was one of the junior clerks, a boy called Vernon; he was barely 21, nearly 12 years younger than me. But he wanted to help.

Quest: How well did you know him?



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QUEST

Manager: Reasonably well. He was a good-looking lad, sparky in his way; quite popular in the typing pool. But, frankly, he was the last person I'd expect as a knight-in-armour. I told him I was fine; I just felt a bit queasy, and I was going home. He offered to drive me; he said he was bored out of his mind, and the girl he'd come with had got off with someone else. I didn't really want to face a bus or a taxi, so I said yes. He let me tidy myself up in his rear mirror. Then, on the way, he suggested a drink. I was feeling a bit better, it was still early; he insisted. Anyway, we went to a wine bar. It did actually do me good. Vernon turned out to be quite good company — nothing like Geoff, but I didn't want anyone heavyweight. Then he surprised me by suggesting we go on to a club. I couldn't imagine why he wanted to be seen around with a woman nearly old enough to be his mother. But I hadn't been to a nightclub for years, so I agreed.

> **He kissed me and said, 'You look fantastic. Please let me touch you, if only once.'**

Quest: Why did you think Vernon was taking this interest?

Manager: I assumed he didn't have anything better to do. He was pouring down enough lager. I had a lovely time. The club had a disco. I hadn't had a decent bop in ages. The problem started with the slow numbers towards the end. I expected Vernon to sit them out, but he didn't — and I became aware, let's say, of his interest.

Quest: You mean he had an erection?

Manager: I couldn't really mistake it. He was pressed right against me. It was a surprise, but it didn't bother me. I assumed the alcohol had got to him. In a way it was quite flattering. Afterwards I wasn't sure if he should drive me home, but he insisted again. Then, when we got there, he said he felt a bit sick, so I insisted he come in and drink a strong coffee. That was the only reason I invited him in.

Quest: Did he think otherwise?

Manager: I sat him on the sofa and made him drink one cup. Then I offered another one when he started to look drowsy. I told him he could stay if he was really tired. I meant on the sofa! I went into the kitchen to make the coffee. The next thing I knew his arms were sliding around my waist. I said, 'Vernon, what are you playing at?' Turned round, and he put his mouth over mine.

Quest: Did you resist?

Manager: No, because I thought he was just being silly and drunk. But he actually kissed me very well. I could feel myself responding, which didn't strike me as a very good idea. When we finished, I said, 'I think it's time you went home, Vernon.' He said, 'But you invited me to stay.' I told him I meant the sofa, not my bed. Then he said, 'But you don't know how much I fancy you — ever since I first started. Tonight's been like a dream for me.' I honestly couldn't tell if he was trying it on. Then he kissed me again, and this time he brought his hand up onto my boob. 'You looked so fantastic tonight,' he whispered, 'and that bastard Geoffrey treated you like nothing — I'd never do that. I think you're great. Didn't you realise when we were dancing?' By now he was stroking me, and it was having an effect — on him as much as me. If I didn't stop soon, I knew I wouldn't be able to. Then he said, 'Please let me touch you — just once. I don't mind if you don't care for me — I'll care enough for both of us.' That was it. It summed up everything I'd felt about Geoffrey. I couldn't say no.

Quest: You made love?

Manager: He started to unzip my dress at the back, but I didn't want to do it with the light on; I think my body's in quite good shape, apart from my bizarre-shaped thighs! But, for all I knew, Vernon was used to screwing girls his own age with Page Three figures — I wanted to give myself some chance. So we went into the bedroom. I made him get undressed first, while I popped into the bathroom. He was in bed when I came back. I put out the light, took my things off, and got in beside him.

Quest: Was he very skilful?

Manager: He was very eager! Stiff as a board, even before I'd touched him. In fact, when we first began cuddling each other, I could feel his *thing* twitching against me; I really thought he was going to have an accident. I more or less encouraged him to hop aboard as soon as possible. I don't know if he was inexperienced, or just shy with me, but he seemed to have trouble finding the right place to put himself. I had to reach down, take hold of him and guide him in. Perhaps I shouldn't have, because he groaned and started climaxing off as he came sliding in, which upset him more than it did me. I was just flattered he found me that desirable! But ten minutes later he was stiff again, and ready to go. I'd forgotten what men his age were like. He gave me quite a pounding. In fact, we did it a third time that night, and next morning.

Quest: Did you climax?

Manager: The last time I showed him how I liked my clitty stroked, and he didn't slip into me until I was practically coming. That was the best one. However, I didn't feel any less guilty!

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Manager: No. I saw myself doing to him what Geoffrey had done to me. I left the office soon after — for a better job. Now I'm concentrating on seducing the people *I* want to seduce!

Quest: Thank you.